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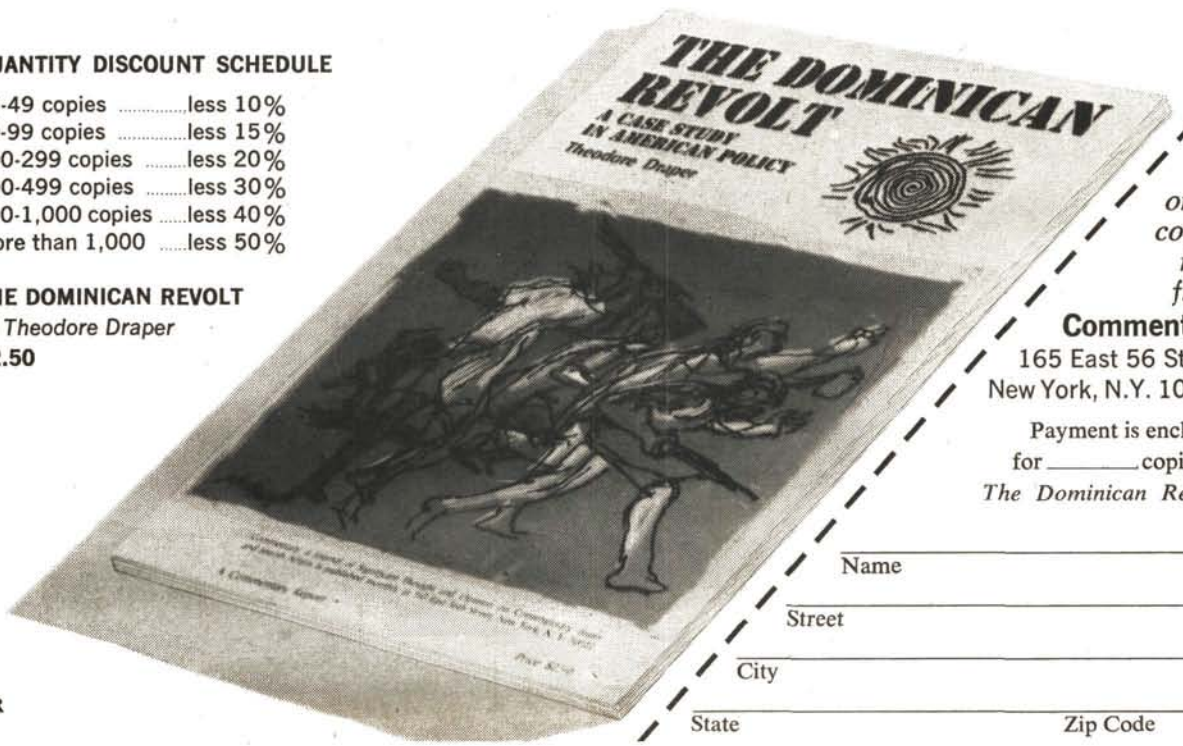

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T.R.B.

from Washington

"We Can't Avert It"

★ In the spring of 1968, with racial tension mounting, the only large nation in the world that permits the free sale of firearms and that last summer saw fearful rioting, is failing to attack the known causes of those riots and is instead watching rather indifferently both sides digging in, while the police forces acquire huge arsenals of weapons for what is now generally regarded as an inevitable conflict.

This Sunday (March 3) the President's prestigious Commission on Civil Disorders is expected to make its report. It will offer drastic recommendations. Will anybody listen?

There was a Chicago riot in 1919. There were Harlem riots in 1935 and 1943. There were two Watts riots. After each came an inquiry. There is no end to inquiries and reports. The Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations just made one. New Jersey Governor Hughes' Commission on Civil Disorder has just reported. (For a correspondent's comment on that report, see page 12.) It says "the shelves of government offices and academic institutions are filled with studies. . . . Commissions like this were established; they investigated and made recommendations . . . [they] read much like some in this report. [They criticized] poor housing, unemployment and inferior education." And what happened? Nothing much.

Let's cite some of the evidence.

"The Army is stockpiling riot control equipment in strategically located depots across the country," says the AP.

Mr. Johnson who, like Secretary Rusk, shows the physical strain of Vietnam, was apparently betrayed into a pessimistic frankness to a group of visiting college students February 12, about an upcoming urban crisis this summer: "We can't avert it," he said. "We will have a bad summer." The US is spending $75 billion for defense, only $7 billion for welfare.

"Several hundred Army, National Guard and police officials are taking week-long special courses in riot control at Ft. Gordon, Ga.," says the AP.

Also, riots have now become big business. Manufacturers are rushing expensive orders of tear gas, fire hoses and guns to police and fire chiefs. Los Angeles is experimenting with a 20-ton armored personnel carrier.

The first riot of 1968 occurred punctually – at Orangeburg, S. C., and followed the conventional pattern. A bowling alley proprietor refused to admit Negroes; students from adjacent Negro colleges gathered; police fired into them, killing three and wounding 36; subsequent examination indicated that the slain Negroes were unarmed. The proprietor has three lives on his conscience. By next fall probably hundreds now living will be dead – mostly Negroes.

Hardening of the Lines

★ The mood hardens on both sides. There was a surge of hope in 1964 and 1965 as Congress passed civil rights bills and moderate leadership strengthened among Negroes. Then came the showdown in Congress over open housing. Dirksen led the successful filibuster. The 1966 civil rights bill died. Lower-middle-class Northern whites were not going to let Negroes live beside them. Nor were AFL-CIO craft unions going to admit Negro apprentices if they could help it.

One could feel the repressive mood hardening in Congress. It was a combination of things. Republicans gained seats at midterm and strengthened the GOP-Dixiecrat coalition. There were calls for welfare cutbacks and economies because of Vietnam. Black Power militancy brought vengeful replies. At one of the most critical times of the century, Congress, instead of increasing aid, put a freeze on the amount states may spend from federal money to help deserted children, and for the first time took away the welfare mother's choice to remain at home and care for her children, under penalty of being dropped from relief rolls.

Among many whites there was finally – as in the George Wallace candidacy – a deeper feeling of frustration over America's humiliating position in Vietnam and the *Pueblo* incident and a search for a scapegoat. Maybe we can't lick the Viet Cong but, by God, we can shoot down the blacks in our own ghettos. We can support "law and order" (never law and *justice*) and rationalize it all by a holy war on "crime." Sample: Miami's police chief reports that his get-tough program with dogs and shotguns has "reduced robberies throughout the city by 45 percent." (One 17-year-old Negro who made a sarcastic remark to a police car was stripped to his underwear and dangled by his heels over an expressway overpass.)

So much for the whites. There has been a hardening of mood, too, on the Negro side, we believe. For an instant it seemed that civil rights legislation might allow a peaceful fire-door exit for Negro violence. This anti-colonialism drive by Negroes is gathering force and, we believe, can't be stopped. Generally in revolutions the violence comes after things start to get better. (You won't find any riots in Belzoni, Miss., this summer: the peasants down there are too hungry and oppressed to revolt. They move North, and the second generation riots in the big cities.)

It must be said, too, that even though the civil rights path has been blocked (once again last week in the successful Dirksen-Dixie Senate filibuster) many Negroes are losing faith in such legislation anyway. Negroes have more votes today but little more human dignity. Black Power extremists are exasperating, but it may be they must find their own community and pride before they can look whites in the eye.

For the short run we are pessimistic. Even yet the public, we believe, doesn't understand the catastrophe that may lie just ahead; we wonder if the President's Commission can find any formula of words that will arouse them? For the long run we have hope. A Negro in the Supreme Court, the Cabinet, the Senate, in scores and hundreds of elected offices – this is more than mere tokenism. John Brown's body is in the grave but, bless me, those bones go marching on.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Opinion Volume 158 Number 9 Issue 2778 March 2, 1968*
Published weekly (except the last week in July, the second and fourth weeks in August and the last week in December) and distributed by The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 40c. Yearly subscription $10; Foreign $11; Armed Forces personnel or students, $6. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of addresses to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.* *Copyright© 1968 by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc.* *Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D.C. Indexed in* Readers' Guide.

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Wallace-Watching

George Wallace promised his ailing wife that if she ran for Governor of Alabama, he would run for President of the United States. The bargain has been kept, an exceptional demonstration of marital fidelity. How seriously are we to take his candidacy? Some think Mr. Wallace is sowing seeds for '72. Others believe that he means to be and will be a decisive factor this year: he may win enough presidential delegates to blackmail the Electoral College into tossing him some concessions, or he might even force the election into the House of Representatives. Either prospect seems preposterous, but so is the war in Vietnam. In this troubled year, it would be rash to count on a victory for restraint and reason.

Wallace knows his people. White and well-dressed, 3,000 of them came to cheer him in Pittsburgh last week. "Mixed with steelworkers were housewives and small business people," *The Baltimore Sun's* correspondent reported. Wallace offers himself as the leader of a fearful, newly-arrived middle class, which, having made its down payment on a new car, TV or suburban house, is seized by what Mr. Johnson calls "a certain restlessness." It is Wallace, ironically, rather than the militant blacks or the fed-up students, who is 1968's most forceful political exponent of disestablishmentarianism. "You can put both candidates in a cotton sack, shake them up and dump them out, and you couldn't tell them apart," he said in Pittsburgh. In contrast, he wants to "turn back to the states their control over their own domestic institutions," stop aiding nations that don't help us in Vietnam, slap some of these Vietnam dissenters in jail, "abandon any type of civil rights legislation," curb the Supreme Court. In short, get the country moving again . . . backward.

It's worth examining how Wallace thinks he might pull it off. Almost wistfully, he describes how he will sweep the Southern and border states' 145 electoral votes, and then, with popular pluralities as low as 34 percent, win enough other states away from the major parties to capture the rest of the 270 electoral votes needed for victory. In 1964, his brief, cut-rate primary battles got him 30 percent of the popular vote in Indiana, 34 percent in Wisconsin and 43 percent in Maryland. This year, he will have an anticipated $15 million, and more time, on his side – plus the war and the riots. His racism is surreptitious, not so blatant as to inspire guilt in those who are titillated: "I'm not talking about race but about philosophy." Then he adds: "Steelworkers in Fontana, Birmingham and Pittsburgh are

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tired of being told who to take a shower with." His "solutions" for urban disorder, foreign dangers and "pseudo-intellectuals" are enticingly direct: kick the bastards in the head. By comparison, Barry Goldwater seems a philosopher of the Enlightenment.

Even conceding him the five leading Southern states that went for Goldwater in '64, however, Wallace's chances of getting to be President are extremely thin. His American Independent Party, as of last week, was on the ballot in Utah, California, Pennsylvania and South Carolina, and by election day it may be on the ballot in all but a few states. Yet in the final weeks, he will be eclipsed by the opposition's dollars, TV commercials and paid workers. And the voters will have been constantly reminded that bigotry is still a nasty word in America. George Wallace is convinced, nevertheless, that he can at least prevent any other candidate from getting a majority of electoral votes. If that proves correct, as TRB noted two weeks ago, he would then try to make a deal (he prefers the word "covenant") in the Electoral College – his blocking votes swapped, let us say, for an end to federal civil rights guidelines or the appointment of a segregationist to the Supreme Court. If neither national party's candidate could stomach blackmail of that sort, as we suspect they could not, the choice would be left to the new House of Representatives, elected this November. The possibilities of that are fascinating.

According to tabulations by Philip D. Carter of *Newsweek*, by gaining a majority of representatives in only nine new key states, the Republicans next January could elect their presidential candidate, though they would command only a minority of the total votes in the House. More ominously, were the national Democrats to lose five Southern congressional delegations to Wallace, and the GOP to pick up three pivotal seats, Wallace could be the kingmaker in '68.

The House itself might not be able to turn up a majority vote for any candidate; if so, and if the Senate is unable to select a Vice President to fill the vacancy, two-and-one-half traumatic months after the November election the Presidency would go to the incoming Speaker of the House. (Not necessarily John McCormack or Gerald Ford – each new House selects its Speaker.) The last time the House decided the Presidency was in 1825, after a four-way race between John Quincy Adams, Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay and William Crawford tied the Electoral College in knots. Three months and countless intrigues later, Clay's backers swung behind Adams, the House voted, Adams won. Jackson, who had led in the electoral and popular balloting, denounced the "corrupt bargain" that made Clay the new Secretary of State, and four years later the issue was still potent enough to help put Jackson into the White House. The "corrupt bargain" of 1825 at least was made quickly. In 1801, it took 36 ballots in the House before Thomas Jefferson beat Aaron Burr.

Under present procedure, the newly-elected House will convene by January 3, 1969. Three days later, the House and Senate join for formal tallying of the electoral votes. If it is determined officially that no candidate has received a mandatory minimum of 270 out of 538 electoral votes, the House would immediately assemble to choose one man from among the top *three* contenders, voting by state rather than members; the majority principle would be relentlessly at work. A simple majority, at least 26 of the 50 states, must back the same man to elect him, but those 26 could represent a lopsided minority of the nation's voters. One party would need but 61 House seats to hold majority control of these smallest states.

Very slight changes in the House could have bizarre consequences. Today, Democratic representatives outnumber Republicans in 29 states, Republicans have a majority in 18, and three are evenly divided. With the whole process of presidential election skewed in favor of small states, and with the larger states now evenly divided, it is not hard to see how the GOP could run a poor second in the Electoral College but win the Presidency. Assuming the Republicans hold onto House delegations now under their control, they would need only nine new seats to elect the President. Those seats, to be sure, would have to come from eight delegations which are either evenly divided today, or that are no more than two men shy of Republican control. But there are 21 such delegations. Tipping the balance with one new seat in each of the divided states of Illinois, Montana and Oregon would raise the count of Republican-controlled delegations from 18 to 21. Only one more seat in Pennsylvania, Nevada, Kentucky and Tennessee would give the GOP four more state delegations, making 25. Those same gains would reduce the number of Democratic-dominated delegations from 29 to 24, two states short of a majority.

Further, there are 14 other states where the GOP is two men short of controlling the delegation: Alabama, Arkansas, Colorado, Hawaii, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Rhode Island, Virginia, Washington and West Virginia. Granted no slippage elsewhere, the Republicans would require only two additional seats in any of those 14 states to win a House majority of 26 states.

That isn't all. Of the 14 states in which the GOP is short of a majority by two representatives, eight have Republican governors, four have at least one GOP senator, and two have both a Republican governor and at least one Republican senator. The four states in which the Republican Party is only one House seat behind show similar Republican tendencies: Tennessee has a GOP senator, Nevada a governor, Ken-

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tucky two senators and a governor, and Pennsylvania has one GOP senator and a governor. In each of the three evenly divided states, even the most cautious Republican strategists hope to pick up at least one new congressman. The party is keenly aware of the importance of these closely divided states; it is channeling extra campaign funds into them.

This is the kind of intriguing arithmetic that is at the base of the Wallace strategy for '68. If the GOP falls short of its anticipated gains, Wallace need not necessarily lose. Winning the electoral votes of the five Deep South states would not automatically give Wallace control of their Democratic congressmen. But there would be strong pressures from back home to persuade those representatives to pull Wallace's way. If they did – and assuming the GOP could tip the balance in just enough states – national Democrats could count on only 24 delegations in the House; the Republicans would have 21; Wallace would hold the balance of power. Should Wallace then decide that neither major party's presidential candidate is acceptable, the House is deadlocked. It becomes the Senate's turn, and there the chances of ending the impasse would be more favorable. Under the 12th Amendment of the Constitution, if a President is not selected in the House, the Vice President-elect becomes President. But as opposed to the House, where the top three presidential candidates compete, the Senate is limited in its choice to the top *two* vice presidential (now presidential) contenders. A simple majority – 51 out of 100 senators – would elect.

So goes the numbers game. We don't think it will pay off for George Wallace this year or in 1972. But the threat is there, and as long as it is, "law-and-order" Republicans and Democrats will be tempted to pay homage to the mean sentiments the man represents.

Greek Against Greek

If the President's proposed tax on travel to Europe does not inhibit American tourism to Greece this summer, what Greeks are doing to Greeks may. The ruling colonels have released the Theodorakises and the Papandreous, but there has been no amnesty for 4,500 anonymous prisoners, and a report just published by Amnesty International states that "the use of torture is a widespread practice against Greek citizens suspected of active opposition to the government." Compiled by an English and American lawyer during a month-long investigation this January, the report is based on firsthand depositions.

Inspector Lambrou is the notorious master of ceremonies in the fifth floor attic of the Security Police Headquarters in Athens, while Major Theophiloyanakos of the Military Police holds forth at the Dionysos Military Camp between Athens and Marathon. In the standard initial torture, known as *falanga*, the prisoner is tied to a bench and the soles of his feet are beaten with a pipe or stick. He is often gagged with a rag stuffed down his throat, and detergent put in his eyes, nose and mouth. There is frequent testimony of beatings on the genitals with thin sandbags. Mock executions are carried out in the same quarry where the Gestapo performed the real thing in World War II. Prisoners are kept in a room where they can hear the screams of fellow-prisoners. At the Dionysos camp, the cells are cut into the side of Pendelli mountain in such a way that the floor holds four inches of water at all times. Prisoners are kept there without any food or water for as long as a week at a time, their excrement mixing with the water in their cell.

Political prisoners have been offered their freedom if they sign a declaration of loyalty, though this promise has not always been kept if they are "communists." Getting a man to denounce little by little all that he holds sacred has a devastating effect: "It is easy to resist others," said one who signed, "but with this you must resist yourself. It is the worst torture."

Until lately, resistance to the dictatorship has based itself on nonviolence: practical jokes, leaflets, tape recordings shouting slogans in crowded places, noise-making bombs. There has been an unspoken agreement that neither side would kill. But the regime's use of torture is a perilous escalation. Torture and atrocities were commonplace during the Civil War, but not in recent years. Violent resistance is organizing. It will not come from old people who are kept on the islands for what they did 20 years ago; it will come from the young, whose hero is Ché Guevara.

A Kind of Equity

Several generations of draft-age men have grown old listening to talk of draft reform. Each year a new crop of men becomes vulnerable to conscription, and each year national draft policy seems in worse shape. This week Senator Edward Kennedy, with a feeling of *déjà vu*, will introduce a bill to reform the Selective Service System. He would institute a lottery to select draftees, ensure uniform national standards for classifying and drafting young men, reverse the order of call (younger men first), broaden the grounds for conscientious ob-

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jection, entertain the concept of alternative service, and rid the system of General Lewis Hershey (or at least make sure that his successor does not have the professional longevity Hershey has had, by limiting the director's term to six years).

It looks to be the strongest and most comprehensive overhaul of a creaky system yet offered, bringing into play many of the changes suggested a year ago by the President's draft commission and half-heartedly promoted by the President. The reforms did not pass last year, when Congress was primed to do something about an expiring draft law. Now it is not. We have a law, and the President has said how he will implement it: no lottery, oldest men first, no deferments for graduate students except medical and dental students.

Politicians know that no matter who the Selective Service System decides to take someone will be unhappy about it. And from their point of view, there is little to recommend placating the graduate schools (with their elitist views of who is expendable) merely to incur the disapproval of some other lobby. Anyway, there is no true equity in a system that requires a man to serve involuntarily, in a war in which he may not believe, to relinquish his job, leave his family, and possibly lose his life, while other men are secure in their deferments. An "equitable draft" is a figment. And Senator Kennedy cannot expect that Congress will be in a mood to shift the burdens so that they fall unequally on other shoulders.

Graduate schools have been singled out for special mistreatment; a lottery, excluding only physically and mentally unqualified young men, would have evened out the sacrifice. Nevertheless, there is something to be said for taking graduate students. Next year a majority of draftees, under the current strategy, will be college graduates. Continuing their education will no longer exempt them from service. That being so, the poor, the undereducated, the Negro will not make up, as they do today, most of the troops fighting Lyndon Johnson's war.

Furthermore, many of the boys destined for Vietnam next year will be the sons of fathers with influence. The sacrifice will be immediate, personal, and that might do more to hasten the war's end than any 10 full-page ads in daily papers. Finally, we shall get a test of James Reston's famous prediction that drafting articulate, educated young men will result in the most massive, disruptive dissent yet seen. Reston suggested last year that if undergraduates lost deferments 25 percent of them might refuse induction. It is doubtful whether college graduates and grad students will go to this war any more willingly, or quietly, than undergraduates.

Drafty

Image-Building

The Administration persists in viewing its Vietnam entrapment as a public-relations problem, as if the public did not read newspapers or watch television. Mr. Johnson brings his principal informants in Vietnam, Ambassador Bunker and General Westmoreland, home to Washington for a frontal publicity assault. When the enemy's Tet offensive undoes what little this has accomplished, the President puts his Secretaries of State and Defense on national TV with mixed results. Ambassador Bunker returns, rather wanly, to national television from Saigon and the President uses a visit to General Eisenhower in California as the stage for a major presentation by Walt Rostow, the White House assistant for security affairs, to the effect that what we really should be seeing in the current rubble and ruin and horror is not a setback but a great defeat for the other side.

Lesser measures are taken. Secretary Rusk hires a new special assistant, a recently retired editor of *Life*, to "deal with information concerning the situation in Vietnam and East Asia." The special assistant, Edward K. Thompson, is a proven master of mass journalism.

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He could bring some useful insights to the State Department. He may even, if he is so inclined, dint its extreme reluctance to let working journalists get at usable and believable "information concerning the situation in Vietnam" and how we got into it. But the history of the official public-relations approach to Mr. Johnson's problem is not encouraging.

One of the Kennedy Administration's first acts in 1961 was to hire a *New York Times* correspondent, William J. Jordan, and set him to justifying the modest involvement of that time. He produced two "White Papers," the second in early 1965, and as a deputy assistant secretary assigned solely to Vietnam information gave correspondents a comforting sense that they were getting the straight dope from him – as they were, according to his and his employer's lights. The President had him moved to the White House in 1966, there to backstop Walt Rostow's secondary role as a high-level informant and guide to the press. Harold Kaplan, a sensitive and intelligent Foreign Service officer who as an Embassy information man in Saigon had done much to allay the feeling of correspondents there that they were being steadily lied to, was switched to Jordan's spot at the State Department and then, last year, to the White House for a very special assignment.

It is impossible to make the idea behind the assignment believable. It was that Kaplan, assisted by three or four men of equal competence, should assemble and have always at hand the cream of "the facts" about Vietnam, for delivery not to the press but to representatives, senators and other public figures who were known or thought to be on the verge of criticizing the policy and the involvement. Given "the facts," they would forego the intended criticism or, if corrected too late for that, repent and retract their mistaken dissents. Of course it did not work. Kaplan, after some months of futile misery, was allowed to flee to Brussels for public-relations duty with our NATO contingent. A headless staff of four men recruited from State, USIA and elsewhere is still at work in the White House Executive Office, feeding "the facts" to Rostow and Jordan and others, the President included, for such public-relations use as can be made of them. The trouble, obviously, is that there are all those other facts flooding in from Vietnam and, it must be added, the versions of fact offered by the rather more successful publicists of Hanoi. There are the facts that cause Tom Wicker of *The New York Times* to write, as he did on February 20, that "neither Washington nor Saigon has anything to rely on but firepower. With that, they can destroy South Vietnam, but they can never save it from communism, or anything else."

Public-relations men, professional and amateur, are forever saying that their only useful weapon is the truth. The White House might try that.

Columbia's Filter

Columbia University was in the midst of a $200-million fund-raising drive last summer when it took on the Strickman cigarette filter to make a fast buck. It hoped to do this by playing to the public's justified fear of getting cancer from smoking. However, the venture backfired and all the university got was a bad press. As a consequence, for the past six months Columbia has been trying to wriggle out of the deal. By the time this is published, it probably will have publicly announced the results of tests showing that the Strickman filter isn't much, if any, better than those already on the market, and in one way or another tried to escape Strickman.

This whole business began in early July with rumors on Wall Street that Columbia would soon come up with a new filter. Tobacco stock prices began to climb. On July 12 around 3 p.m. the Columbia news office sent around word to newspapers that there would be a press conference the next day "to announce a development of far-reaching importance which promises to benefit mankind by reducing the health hazards of smoking." On July 13, it said it had got the rights to a "revolutionary new cigarette filter." Grayson Kirk, the president, declared: "Some time ago Columbia was offered an unusual opportunity to participate in an arrangement which our medical specialists here today believe may make a significant contribution to lessen the hazards of cigarette smoking."

The deal seemed odd, even then. Neither Kirk nor Robert Strickman, the filter's inventor, would disclose the terms of their agreement. The scientists who were brought out to answer questions did not disclose test data. They did say, however, that no animal tests had been made. This immediately aroused suspicions, since animal tests are usual in this sort of experiment. It was subsequently revealed that Mr. Strickman had tried unsuccessfully to sell the filter to tobacco companies, before going to Columbia.

Not long after the press conference, Warren Magnuson, chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee and a critic of the tobacco companies, asked HEW to look into the filter claims. He then went ahead to schedule his own hearings. Shortly before they opened, members of the Commerce Committee staff met with three representatives from Columbia and told them that their own investigations suggested the Strickman filter was of dubious value, producing results little different from existing filters. The Columbia people were bluntly warned that President Kirk could expect some hard questions when he appeared before the committee, and that he had better be ready with straight answers. At this point, two of the three Columbia representatives said they thought Kirk should come clean,

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admit that the university had made a mistake, that it didn't in fact know very much about the filter, and cut loose from the Strickman agreement. But the third man, reportedly the university's counsel, argued for a middle course: Kirk would humbly promise to conduct further, more detailed tests. This would give Columbia a hedge. If the filter were not much good or public pressure got too strong, the university could back out a bit more tactfully and with less adverse publicity. On the other hand, if the filter worked and Congress got off the university's back, they could push on. Kirk adopted this line, and Congress let him alone.

Early last fall, Columbia found out a bit more about Strickman. He had been widely described as a consulting chemist, who had worked for eight years in his home laboratory before coming up with the new filter. Actually, in 1961 Strickman was an officer and director of a company called Casavan Industries Inc., which through its subsidiaries was in real estate and in the manufacture of packaging goods and building materials. In 1963, a federal grand jury in Newark indicted Paul R. Casavina, the president of the company, and certain other officers, charging them with stock fraud. The indictment charged that Casavan had defrauded investors by selling stock that was not registered, and by pyramiding the assets of the company in such a way as to give it an appearance of a growing and prosperous enterprise, which it was not. Casavina was tried, convicted and sent to prison for eight years.

Strickman was never charged in criminal actions. However, Casavan stockholders in two civil suits accused him of defrauding them and asked for damages. One of the suits was settled out of court; the other is pending in the federal district court in Newark. As of last week, Strickman hadn't answered the suit.

The testimony in Casavina's trial gives a few hints about the company's business operation. Frank A. Cerruti, the controller and a twice-convicted forger, described to the court a lavish brochure which Casavina had made up for advertising purposes. Entitled, "This is Casavan Industries, 1961," it purported to show marble from Casavan's Italian quarries being carried to the United States on Casavan's ships. Cerruti testified that this gave a somewhat distorted picture, since Casavan owned neither ships nor quarries, and was unable to purchase any marble because it had no money.

Cerruti remembered the directors approving the acquisition of Casavan Carrara Marble Co., which was also owned by Casavina, and at book value worth $3,710. Casavan Industries evidently considered this an unusual investment opportunity for they gave Casavina 50,000 shares of stock worth $500,000 for it. When Cerruti suggested to his employer that this was perhaps a bit steep, he remembered Casavina telling him it was none of his business. The directors of Casavan Industries were so overcome by the brilliance displayed by Casavina in making these various acquisitions, almost all of which he or his immediate family owned, that they voted him in appreciation a special stock bonus of several thousand shares.

Strickman seems to have taken an active part in the company's affairs from its beginnings in 1959 until it went bankrupt three years later. He was variously listed as vice president and chief chemist at Casavan, and was vice president of Electro-Thermal Industries of New York, a predecessor company. A search of the company's bankruptcy proceedings showed that apart from whatever salary he made, he received separate payments from Casavina.

Columbia's enthusiasm for Strickman as a business partner is said to have cooled on receipt of this information. The university officials began in earnest to try to wriggle out of the deal. They had two problems: Columbia didn't want any more bum publicity in the middle of its fund-raising drive; and, it was frightened lest Strickman sue them for breaking the agreement. (Strickman had a number of supporters in the medical school where he had first brought his inventions, and indeed, some of these enthusiasts had been leaking highly complimentary information about the filter to the newspapers, which had dutifully printed it as coming from Columbia University spokesmen.) To win a suit brought by Strickman, the central university would have to turn on its medical school, indeed on the dean of the medical school, and show how it was his poor judgment and inadequate test data that had caused Columbia to take up the filter. This would be embarrassing.

One theory had it that the way to get away from Strickman was to take the filter and test it to death, two, three years if necessary, until people had forgotten the whole affair. But this must have seemed unnecessary when in December the chemist made his own adroit move. He proposed to end Columbia's "anguish," take back all the rights to the filter, get on with the licensing, and put Columbia's share in a charitable trust. This arrangement would still have worked to Strickman's advantage since he could continue to show some affiliation with the university. However, the Senate Commerce Committee insisted that Columbia make a clean breast of the matter. The possibility of more hearings was put to the university. Rather than that, Columbia finally agreed to send detailed test results on the filter to the committee which then could make them public. These test data were gathered by scientists believed to be loyal to the central university and not representing the Strickman clique in the medical school. They show the filter to be little or no better than those on the market.

JAMES RIDGEWAY

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The OAS Under Its New Secretary General

After six tries, the State Department has managed to orbit Galo Plaza Lasso, former President of Ecuador, as secretary-general of the Organization of American States, but no one knows whether the hemispheric body can be made to amount to something. For 20 years, it has been used by governments to reward political friends or banish those likely to prove embarrassing. The members have gotten the weak organization they have wanted.

Since it began last November trying to elect a successor to José A. Mora to fill the $32,500 a year post, the OAS has received considerable publicity – all bad. Five abortive attempts to elect a new executive officer revealed a wide split among the 22 members, and just at that time the OAS was hit by the scandal of shortages in the accounts of some of its overseas offices.

As president of Ecuador from 1948 to 1952, Plaza gave his poverty-stricken nation one of its few peaceful and progressive eras. He later served with credit as a United Nations troubleshooter in Lebanon, the Congo and Cyprus. He was born in New York City, played football at the Universities of California and Maryland and speaks English without an accent. Many Latin Americans regard him as too close to the United States. He must convince them he is not, without raising alarms in the State Department or on Capitol Hill. Before his election he said he was "not interested in the job if it means coming to Washington to mark time beside the Potomac."

With the open support of the United States, Brazil and Argentina, the hemisphere's big three, the election of Plaza should have been easy. But the move aroused the opposition of the Central Americans. Concerned over big power pressures and what they regarded as racism, the Central American bloc supported Eduardo Ritter Aislan, Panama's lackluster OAS envoy. As the number of ballots mounted with Ritter still in the lead, the US delegation was accused by Senator Fulbright of "inept diplomacy" in its efforts to elect Plaza, and of having failed to act "with maximum discretion." ("The trouble with the United States," said a Venezuelan diplomat, "is that it hasn't learned how to peel a banana without slipping on the skin.")

Sol M. Linowitz, the US envoy, replied that Washington did "nothing beyond making it clear that Plaza is the man" it favors; it did not "pressure, cajole, threaten or beat anybody over the head"; the deadlock was a sign of "democracy in action." Certainly the US did not go so far as it did in 1962, when it bought Haiti's support by an offer of a jet airport for Port au Prince when it needed a fourteenth vote to expel Cuba from the OAS. But still it left its handprints all over Plaza. (His initial – and near fatal – mistake was to pay a visit to Dean Rusk shortly before announcing his candidacy.)

Having all but wrecked the OAS by its unilateral intervention into the Dominican Republic in 1965, the Johnson Administration has been stressing since last year's hemispheric summit conference the need for a stronger, more decisive organization to take the lead in economic development and integration. In the old days, the OAS had few responsibilities and a modest budget. Now it has access to about $25 million – two-thirds of it furnished by the US. Reforms of the charter are pending that would strengthen the Council, the OAS's deliberative body.

But is it conceivable that any organization made up of 22 nations – large and small, technically advanced and backward, rich and poor, dictatorships and democracies, peopled by persons of Indian, Negro and European descent – can agree on anything of fundamental importance? Plaza is given the best chance of anyone mentioned to pull it off, but a quirk in the planned OAS reforms may make it harder. A tacit veto hangs over his head. While he was elected to a 10-year term, it will be cut to five years by the proposed changes. Under a gentlemen's agreement, Plaza would resign and stand for a new term as soon as enough countries ratify the charter reforms, a process expected to take several years.

That is the least of his concerns, however. The hemisphere is bedeviled by fiercer and less manageable problems. A recent study prepared for AID by Professor Hollis Chenery noted that: "Unemployment and underemployment are rising in most cities [of Latin America] and are growing most rapidly in the largest cities where the political results are likely to become increasingly serious." Between now and 1980, the urban population is expected to increase from 130 million to 216 million, with more than 100 million living in marginal, depressed neighborhoods. Taking into account population increase during 1960-65, there was a per-capita economic growth of only 1.7 percent. Prices for industrial goods Latins import are rising, while the prices for commodities they sell are weakening. Last September, President Carlos Lleras of Colombia pointed out that in 1950 a jeep could be imported with the equivalent of 17 bags of coffee; in 1967, it required 57 bags. This explains in a nutshell the meaning to Latin America of adverse terms of trade. At the same time, high interest rates predicted for the foreseeable future in the capital markets will restrict even more the availability of external financing.

Nathan Miller

Mr. Miller *is a reporter on* The Baltimore Sun.

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Black and White

The Newark Riot Report's Missing Ingredient

Newark

"You have to draw the line between civilization and the jungle somewhere," said Gov. Richard Hughes of New Jersey last July, after Newark's second night of violence and looting. "It might as well be here."

After Hughes the next month named a Select Commission on Civil Disorder to study what had happened during the five days of violence, Newark's Negro community began to fear the report by the 10-member panel might be nothing more than a gloss on the governor's racist remark. But the 478-page volume released this month seemed to lean the other way. "It was a whitewash for those black bastards," barked a retainer of Mayor Hugh Addonizio's Democratic city administration.

The mayor and his men had reasons to get heated about the report. It called for a grand jury to look into charges of corruption at city hall. It condemned the police for brutal tactics before and during the riot. It proposed civilian review, welfare reform, and community control of public schools.

The report is a failure anyway. The panel's job was to help avert a riot this summer by doing two things: pinpointing the causes of the 1967 riot, and suggesting a program to subject these conditions to fast and meaningful change. Yet the commission's analysis of the riot neglected its chief cause: the city's maldistribution of political power. The Addonizio regime rests on a coalition of whites (over half the voters but only 45 percent of the population) and compliant Negroes. Because the Negro wing of the coalition makes few demands on city hall, the ghetto lacks political voice. This power imbalance contributed to the riot, and it still exists. The report overlooks it with its columns of statistics, public opinion polls, 700 interviews, and the testimony of 106 witnesses. And because the Select Commission backed away from a discussion of the political reality, the report was free to throw together all sorts of schemes for change, most of them superficial and none of them ready to work by June.

The 30 pages on the Newark police are illustrative. The police, the report says, get poor pay, spend long hours at dangerous work, lack education, and sometimes fail to understand the ghetto dweller's viewpoint. It mentions two other findings – police promotions are often political, and Newark whites support the cops while the blacks resent them – but fails to elaborate, thus sidestepping a critical feature of Newark politics. For the police, through the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association and the department itself, form one of the chief blocs of Addonizio's support, overlapping both the Newark Democratic Party and the mayor's personal organization. The police carry a political clout far greater than do the uniformed bureaucracies of other cities, and for several reasons. For instance, because Newark has the nation's highest per-capita crime rate, police protection is at a premium, particularly for the shop owners of a riot city, already plagued by high insurance rates. The cops also can handle the political opposition – this usually means Negroes. Newark's cops are tough and keep the ghetto scared. They can badger civil rights leaders individually, as well as clamp down on demonstrations. A police lieutenant privately tells a story about the hard-line tactics the department used against Jesse Gray, the Harlem rent-strike leader, who was asked to address a Negro rally to back a civilian review board proposal three years ago. The police secured the roofs of the buildings around the rally site, put 50 Negro plainclothesmen into the crowd, and made sure Gray used a faulty sound truck, donated by the County Democratic Committee, so that a large part of the crowd couldn't hear him. And to guarantee the lid stayed on, the lieutenant said, Gray was told an armed man stood at the front of the crowd to kill him if he incited the rally.

The racism of the police force (it's 90 percent white) has grown since the riot, largely because white support for the department has grown. Before the riot, although the force couldn't control its individual bigots, official police policy tried to avoid racial incidents. During the six years of Addonizio's administration, three grand jury presentments have rapped the cops for lax gambling law enforcement, and the department apparently feared a civil rights probe might drift into other areas of police conduct. But the riot seemed to strike a tacit bargain between the police and the city's white residents: white voters, ordinarily bothered by alleged corruption, would overlook it, provided the cops protected them against Negro crime.

Strong white backlash pervades the entire city administration. Councilman Lee Bernstein of the South Ward and Councilman Frank Addonizio (a distant relative of the mayor) of the West Ward are fighting a desperate holding action against growing black strength in their racially-mixed constituencies. Bernstein's ward has lost 100 white families since the riot, and he must combat the politically sophisticated opposition of the Newark Community Union Project. Both councilmen have made a strong pitch for the city to pay for a K-9 Corps to provide dogs for the police to use against demonstrations and disorders. Crime in

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the streets is the critical issue for these councilmen and the rest of the administration, because only a call for brutal law enforcement can provide the outlying white neighborhoods with the assurance they want, lest the white political base flee the city altogether.

The mayor, of course, must follow the white backlash. The riot killed Addonizio's plan to run for governor next year and seriously hurt his chances to win another term as mayor in 1970. He's now seeking the chairmanship of the County Democratic Committee, vacated by Dennis Carey after the riots helped the Republicans sweep Essex County. The committee will choose a successor at a special meeting next month, but even if Addonizio loses, he can run a slate of district leaders in the June party primary to gain support for the regular county chairman election later the same month. The mayor now uses all his patronage to build backing for these contests. This means giving jobs and contracts to Newark's whites, since the mayor must seek the votes of the city's Irish faction, likely to be loyal to the man Carey himself recommends. This strategy only embitters Negro politicians eager for a piece of the action.

By overlooking Newark's politics, the commission has not only failed to recommend practical action to avert another ghetto insurrection; it has neglected the possibility Newark might experience a black-white outbreak of genuine racial war.

Most of the less whimsical changes requested by the panel would be unacceptable to the Addonizio regime because they would cut into the administration's political base. For instance, the police force beat a civilian review proposal three years ago and still opposes it. Another notion of the panel calls for the Newark police to become part of a consolidated law enforcement agency for the entire county. The cops think this is worse than civilian review. Welfare reform would mean a city tax increase, but this would reinforce the white middle-class push to the suburbs. Community control over public schools could alter the way school building contracts are awarded, jeopardizing a chief source of patronage for city hall.

The panel seems naïvely to have assumed its analysis and recommendations could prove informative to the mayor. Actually, the administration has often shown its mastery of the rhetoric of the urban crisis. Addonizio's statement to the McClellan riot committee is one example and the city's request for model cities planning money is another. But he simply doesn't care to act on these words.

Perhaps the only way to avert a riot like the last one is to make sure the ghetto achieves political power. "There has to be a black mayor," said Harvey Shapiro of the professional staff: "The whole city might fall apart, but there'd never be another riot." The panel wants more jobs and housing subsidies. But programs toward these ends are likely to be diverted to Addonizio's patronage barrel. And even if they aren't, Shapiro claims, they won't be able to begin soon enough to convince the black community that change has occurred.

"Newark is going to be like Detroit in the forties," warned one ghetto resident, "it'll be white against black." There are signs this could happen. The Committee for Law and Order, a Ku Klux Klan front, is getting support in the Italian North Ward. A goon squad of white teen-agers now goes to city council meetings to shout down Negro speakers, as the cops turn their backs. Hundreds of whites pour into the council chambers to hear Bernstein's harangues on the ghetto's communist conspiracy. Gun sales are flourishing. Maybe the governor should have sent the commission into the white ghetto, too.

Ralph Whitehead

Mr. Whitehead *reported on the Newark riots in an article last year in* Commonweal *magazine.*

When Folks Get Together To Talk About Busing

Chicago

They're fussing over busing in Chicago – home of the most segregated school system of any major city in the North.

The plans are as limited as they were late in coming. A Negro alderman calls them microscopic. But they have touched off a near-violent reaction in the city's lily-white ethnic neighborhoods on the "Nort'west" and "Sout'west" sides. Talk to the people out there – or their always willing political leaders, like Rep. Roman Pucinski – and you would never guess that only 1,035 Negro pupils are involved. (There would be no reverse busing of white pupils.) And the Negro pupils involved are first-through-sixth graders who would be distributed among 17 all-white or nearly all-white schools on the Northwest and Southwest sides of the city at a ratio of only four per classroom.

The Negroes to be bused would come from integrated schools in changing neighborhoods and are, for the most part, from middle-class homes. Their parents' education level is just as high, if not higher, than the whites, in the receiving-home neighborhoods.

The busing plans are the first proposed by School Superintendent James F. Redmond along the lines of a blueprint he, his staff and consultants drew up to satisfy federal civil rights enforcers. The theory is not to integrate as much as stabilize integration where it

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already exists. This would be done by transporting designated blocks of Negro pupils from a school threatened by racial change to neighborhoods not under blockbusting pressures.

The other week some of the good citizens and clergy of the Northwest side called a meeting to discuss the plans. The basement of St. Priscilla's Catholic Church was jammed with 500 persons.

"Before we start, let's remember one thing," the meeting organizer pleaded with the crowd. "Reason is what separates us from animals."

The crowd booed. A man in a brown gabardine shirt shouted: "Let's keep that out of this here. Keep church and state separate."

If the organizer of the meeting was unpopular, so were the guest speakers: Vince Minello, a white resident who supports busing because he thinks it will stop racial change in his neighborhood; and Mrs. Virginia Lewis, a Negro and associate superintendent of schools for integration and human relations.

Minello said his kids went to an integrated school and there were no fights.

Jeers of disbelief.

Minello tried to get closer to his crowd. "If Austin [his neighborhood] goes all colored, you're not going to stop them from coming up here."

"We're not talking about color," the lady in a black-knit hat said. "We're talking about taxes . . . taxes and morals."

"I won't try to outshout you," Mrs. Lewis began "and I'm not going to be discourteous. May I expect the same of you?"

A stout lady in a gray babushka poked her neighbor. "Who's she think she is?"

Mrs. Lewis listed the reasons for the busing plans: overcrowding at Austin schools; empty classrooms on the Northwest Side; children need to learn to get together.

"How 'bout a white son-in-law," a man in a fedora said before his wife could stop him.

Mrs. Lewis laughed, "Black, white, purple, I don't care."

"Who's she think she is," gray babushka said.

Citing Coleman and the US Civil Rights Commission, Mrs. Lewis explained why Negroes perform better in integrated schools. She said segregated schools affected learning because of the "psychological impact on containment."

"I'm a Negro and I grew up in the United States, and I remember the first time I went to Mexico. On our side of the border I couldn't even use the bathrooms. This changed when I entered Mexico. It's downright silly when you have to leave your own country to feel free."

"Why didn't ya' stay there," fedora shouted during the pause. This time his wife joined in the jeering.

Mrs. Lewis explained how the bused Negroes were mostly from the middle class.

"Aw, they just have Cadillacs out in front," a young mother shouted.

A man tried to take over the microphone. The crowd cheered.

"Stop screaming," Mrs. Lewis said, "it isn't good."

"It's better than rioting," a lady in a car coat shouted. "It's better than multiplyin' like rabbits and ruinin' our neighborhoods and ruinin' our schools an. . . ."

The man won the battle for the microphone and demanded a referendum. He said, "If they come out here, we'll feel like freaks."

"Let's vote," the crowd chanted, "let's vote."

Mrs. Lewis suggested that some matters – involving individual rights – should not be subject to majority rule. She mentioned the Amish and the public schools.

"Let's vote, let's vote."

One woman shouted: "Even if we want to murder ourselves, people should have a right to vote on it."

"We're considered highly educated," a lady in a white hat said, "and we have more than 50 kids in a room. What was good for us should be good for them." (The Negroes are now in extremely overcrowded schools with as many as 50 per classroom; the receiving schools with 33 per room have an average of five empty classrooms apiece.)

"They don't want to be the same," another lady shouted. "They want to be better."

Mrs. Lewis tried to explain why Catholic schools seem to perform better in overcrowded situations than the public schools. She said it had something to do with the commitment of the nuns. The crowd had other reasons.

"It's because they're white."

Mrs. Lewis left after two hours.

Minello shook his head. "This is a real brick wall. They'd get 500 kids – only 500 kids. You'd think they're getting the whole continent of Africa."

The crowd was about 75 percent Catholic, a parishioner estimated. John Cardinal Cody, Chicago Archbishop, has announced a busing plan for the Catholic schools for sometime next fall.

"Ya know they're starting at the wrong place," a parishioner suggested. "They oughta bus those priests and sisters around – get them integrated and see how they like it."

Meanwhile, on the stage the well-meaning organizer tried to close with a prayer.

The crowd booed. "Keep church and state separate."

Henry W. DeZutter

Mr. DeZutter *writes on education for* The Chicago Daily News.

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McCarthy: *Alive and Well in New Hampshire*

by Paul R. Wieck

Nashua, N. H.

Here, in the snow-covered hills Sen. Eugene J. McCarthy is finding his identity as a presidential candidate as he moves unhurriedly in and out of the endless and often depressing shoe factories, jokes with his supporters at coffee hours, speaks in town halls and on college campuses. He is winning friends. In return, he commits more of himself each day. His wit is more incisive, his speeches stronger.

Senator McCarthy's personal response can be measured in this one development: After his two-day swing on February 15 and 16, with less than a month to go before the March 12 primary, he escalated his goal in the Granite State from a respectable showing (30 to 40 percent) to clear-cut victory and the 26 convention votes. An extra five to six days of hard campaigning and upwards of $50,000 more will be put into the campaign.

On first thought, it is an improbable place for this to happen. The state's Democrats, some 90,000-strong (or, 90,000-weak) according to current registration figures, are mostly from Irish or French Catholic working-class families who have sent their sons and daughters to the shoe factories and textile mills for generations. Until McCarthy arrived on the scene, their doubts about Vietnam had not approached the acceptance of the "rational alternative" he is offering. That nagging fear of "not supporting our boys" has held sway. In the end, it still may. But, by mid-February, Senator McCarthy's campaign had gained enough momentum to cause the pro-Johnson hierarchy to "lose their cool."

His own supporters, almost paralyzed with despair two weeks before, are now excited over his prospects. State Rep. Jean Wallin of Nashua put it this way: "It's picked up fantastically. A couple of weeks ago, I was about ready to hurl myself from the second floor window of our headquarters."

The stage was set by a classic goof. As the basic implement of their campaign, the pro-Johnson leadership decided not only to distribute pledge cards (each voter was to get three, one to go to the White House, another to the state organization and the third to be kept by the voter as a reminder). This wasn't too bad. But someone decided to number them and, in the process, give each registered Democrat a number.

Senator McCarthy promptly labeled it a "Texas-style branding party" and warned that it smacked of "big brother" looking over the shoulder of every New Hampshire voter. In a more serious vein, he called it "an intrusion into a free Democratic process not altogether inconsistent with the way the Johnson Administration is operating."

The pledge card tactic backfired so badly it left the state's Democratic organization demoralized. In Keene, an LBJ worker went out to pass the pledge cards and received such a hostile reception she returned home deeply depressed; in Concord, the state's capital, no pledge cards had been circulated by mid-February; in Nashua, a Democratic stronghold, there were reports that organization workers were throwing them in the trash can. This, plus the gathering momentum of the McCarthy forces, reduced the state's Democratic leadership to new rhetorical outbursts. Gov. John King (D) charged Senator McCarthy with advocating "appeasement"; Sen. Tom McIntyre (D), usually a mild-mannered man, complained that McCarthy wasn't offering an alternative. McCarthy dismissed Governor King's comment by saying he didn't expect such charges to have much effect in New Hampshire "where you're sort of hardened to the language of *The Manchester Union-Leader*" (some call it the "onion loader").

Simultaneously, McCarthy's own performance began to improve. On his first trip to the state in December, he had delivered a dull, academic lecture. When he returned January 26, his supporters were at a low point. Then, he stirred a crowd of some 700 at St. Anselm's just outside Manchester to repeated bursts of applause, and by mid-February, he had succeeded in drawing a sharp contrast between his own style and that of the pro-Johnson hierarchy. Instead of rhetorical excesses, he insisted he would "not shout at the voters of New Hampshire" (and that he hadn't found any who wanted him to).

The main factor in a New Hampshire Democratic primary is still the working-class French and Irish Catholic vote. Concentrated in a few cities (Manchester, Nashua, Berlin, the Rochester-Somerset-Dover area), it can be found in the factories or the local American Legion bar. The sensitivity of the average white- and blue-collar worker to the "support-our-boys" argument surfaced at an evening coffee held at the home of Paul Beauvais, a leader in the small Draft-Kennedy organization in Manchester. Beauvais joined the McCarthy slate in February and, having gathered

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his group to meet the candidate, touched off the question period by bringing up the question of "loyalty." McCarthy handled it by urging that "we leave out all charges on either side" in order to get a rational discussion of the issues. It left at least an image of sincerity.

Parallel to this is McCarthy's handling of the military-industrial-labor-complex issue. Again, he refuses to demagogue it, even though Bernard Boutin, who is handling President Johnson's campaign in New Hampshire, offers a clear target. Boutin left the federal service to return to New Hampshire and a position with Sanders Associates, a major employer in Nashua and a rapidly growing firm largely dependent on defense contracts – $125 million of its current $140 million gross, according to Pentagon figures. But many of New Hampshire's white- and blue-collar workers earn their paychecks from firms with defense contracts and a heated attack upon "the complex," pleasing though it might be to McCarthy's academic following, could cost hundreds, even thousands, of votes.

So, when the question came up at a coffee hour, he dealt with specific solutions after sizing up the Pentagon as "about the third or fourth largest nation" in the world. His solutions: To bring the CIA under control, as he and some of his Senate colleagues have tried to do; to put some strings on the Pentagon's sale of arms abroad, as they've also tried to do; and to take all nonmilitary procurement (he estimated this would amount to $30 billion of the nearly $80 billion in Department of Defense expenditures) out of DOD, a move that could also save billions in that civilian procurement officers would be allowed to wipe out some of the endless duplication in military procurement.

McCarthy's entree to the working-class vote must, of course, be on a personal level, in "hand-to-hand combat." Judging from the response as he moved through 13 shoe factories, insurance companies and assorted other manufacturing firms, meeting some 2,000 to 3,000 people, he is doing well.

His Irish features and friendly smile evoke a strong response from the women in the factories: "He's handsome," he has a "good face," his pictures "don't do him justice." He makes small talk but doesn't argue. After a tour of one factory, the company man who guided him through said: "I'm amazed. He got the best reception anyone who's ever toured this factory has received." This exposure tends to dispel the fear, carefully spread by the *Union-Leader's* heated charges against him, that such a strong, Irish face with a kindly smile could belong to a man whose patriotism is questioned. The importance of this in a town like Manchester, where over 70 percent of the voters are French or Irish, can't be overestimated.

His refusal to indulge in a lot of gimmicks that don't come naturally also helps, particularly inasmuch as ice hockey, the favorite sport of the French Canadians, does come naturally. Gene McCarthy loves to get on a pair of skates (he played hockey as a boy and young man in Minnesota). It makes him seem very human to the working-class voters.

New Hampshire is still "Nixon country." The former vice president, aware that he has the nation's first presidential primary pretty well nailed down if he can avoid a major slip, is playing a cautious game. It is like presenting the people of the Granite State with a beautifully wrapped package with a tag reading "do not open until Christmas."

In contrast, the Democratic race is wide open. To suggest, at this point, that McCarthy could win would be on the daring side of the ledger. But it no longer seems impossible. McCarthy wears well. His insistence on rational discussion is in line with New Hampshire tradition, which was summed up by Bill Cardoso of *The Boston Globe's* bureau there: "The quiet, reasoned man is always the first selectman." At the same time, he is showing no reluctance to jump on a genuine issue, such as the pledge card.

This is in contrast to LBJ, who has suffered not only in New Hampshire but nationally from too much exposure. On the plane en route to New Hampshire, a young businessman who sat across the aisle from me said he is a McCarthy supporter this season. He explained that his exposure to McCarthy is "limited" but that his "exposure to Johnson isn't." He predicts McCarthy will do well in his Concord suburb.

A rapport has developed between McCarthy's supporters – as a group, they are bright, young (in their twenties and thirties), attractive and basically uncomplicated people who are thrilled just to have an alternative to LBJ – and the candidate. There is an active statewide committee of 300 backed up by at least 250 college students from inside and outside the state. Dave Hoeh, the McCarthy chairman, believes it is as strong as any committee he has seen in his 10 years of New Hampshire politics. They have set up headquarters in 10 towns in addition to many neighborhood headquarters in private homes.

From the beginning McCarthy has said that his desire to give young people a reasonable alternative to rioting and picketing was a major factor in his decision to run. The students are responding. Every weekend, at least 100 of them from Smith, Mt. Holyoke, Amherst, Harvard and Yale, to mention a few, pour into New Hampshire, bringing their own sleeping bags and typewriters, prepared to put in long, grueling hours helping with the tedious details.

To work up its mass mailing list for 130,000 to 140,000 households where Democratic and Indepen-

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dent voters live, the McCarthy camp has had to take the registration lists (they're separated by sex) and, with the help of the city directory, put together a composite list. Here, the students have been invaluable. Others cut classes during the week to serve as advance men, drivers, McCarthy girls. To an astounding degree, they sublimate their basic alienation from the country's institutionalized politics to a common cause.

The Democratic Party organization (it has never had any firm control over the voting habits of the state's registered Democrats) is by no means solidly behind LBJ. One trip to New Hampshire is enough to convince anyone of that. McCarthy visited five communities – Nashua, Manchester, Milford, Peterborough and Keene. In Nashua, Joe Whelton, the Democratic city chairman, is in McCarthy's camp (he's on the McCarthy delegate slate). The McCarthy committee in Nashua includes a popular alderman and a state representative. At Peterborough, the picturesque village made famous as the setting of Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*, the city Democratic chairman, Harry Franklin, stood up at a well-attended noon rally to tell McCarthy that "the whole establishment isn't against you." Franklin is supporting him. That's two of five.

Where McCarthy committees are made up of newcomers to the political scene, they are showing indefatigable spirit. In Keene, all 1,300 registered Democrats were personally contacted and invited to hear the candidate speak. His workers were "amazed" at the friendly response.

One interesting facet is the amount of Republican support McCarthy is attracting. In several towns, registered Republicans are actively urging a write-in on the GOP ticket. A McCarthy leader in Concord said 87 Republicans in that town of 27,000 switched their registration to Democratic before McCarthy decided to enter New Hampshire (this decision had to be made at least 90 days before the primary or before McCarthy announced), and the same worker went on to say that "hundreds in Concord would have" if he'd announced in time.

Many are upper-middle-class "liberals" who feel uncomfortable with the Democratic organization in the state, but who would register as Democrats in another state under different circumstances. These Republicans feel a sense of urgency stemming from their fear that the November choice offered them will be Johnson *vs* Nixon. One night in the country club section of Manchester, McCarthy was asked by a woman worker, speaking in a tone of dismay, just what they would do if it came down to that choice. Senator McCarthy laughed and said: "That's like choosing between vulgarity and obscenity, isn't it?"

The McCarthy camp is not without problems. Over the last three months, the most serious have been the limited sense of potential and the agonizing of Sen. Robert F. Kennedy, which kept a lot of people immobilized through December and January. The Kennedy "hang-up" was broken just about the time Senator McCarthy was catching fire. Most of the Draft-Kennedy people in New Hampshire have come over to the Minnesotan, a development which bolsters the McCarthy organization in places like Manchester.

The earlier goal of winning only a "psychological" victory rather than New Hampshire's 26 delegates was still hanging over the McCarthy camp in mid-February. None of his supporters could bring themselves to talk about a clear-cut victory. However, this should be corrected by McCarthy's own decision to go for broke. It could be the very thing needed to maintain momentum at a critical point in the campaign, and if it works, the timing would be brilliant.

There are two additional factors working against McCarthy. One is time. As Dave Hoeh, the able, young organizer of his campaign there, put it: "We're trying to do in eight to ten weeks what we should have had six months to do."

The second is his major issue. McCarthy has been wise enough not to frighten the shoe factory workers by shouting "brutality" and "immorality" at them. But he is asking them, in his own words, to make "a harsh historical judgment," to say to the country's leaders via the ballot box that Vietnam is costing – in lives, money and moral energy – far more than can be gained, that the decision to make a stand there is not even a good military judgment (he backs this up by citing a host of military authorities), that we aren't fulfilling our goal of "building a nation" but doing just the opposite and that we should summon the moral courage to negotiate for a coalition government that would include the National Liberation Front (NFL) and, if the South Vietnamese government resists this, proceed to deescalate until they're agreeable.

That is a lot to ask of a shoe factory worker, long abused by the jingoistic language of the cold war, conditioned to respond to all the clichés about the "threat of international communism." Nevertheless, a linotype operator in one of the plants McCarthy visited told a reporter that he plans to vote for him and added that, at the American Legion club, where he does his social drinking, they were beginning to "talk McCarthy."

It would be inaccurate to say the votes for Senator McCarthy were there in mid-February. He might be lucky to get 30 or 35 percent of the vote. But the write-in votes weren't there for LBJ either. On the whole, the press appears ready to award McCarthy a major psychological victory if he gets 40 percent of the vote, which is very possible.

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The Golden Pill

We Can't Yet Be Sure It's Safe

by Morton Mintz

"In her fresh, warm voice, she was singing a hymn of praise to God for inspiring mankind to invent the birth control pill." It is, she said, "shocking that the pill shouldn't be made available to everyone who wants it." She was known as the Singing Nun but is now, *McCall's* said in an article about her last May, "plain Jeanine Deckers." The name of her hymn was *"La Pilule d'Or"* – "The Golden Pill."

"If the instructions of the physician are followed . . . I can imagine no danger whatsoever . . . no condition in which these pills would not be safe to take." – This from an interview of November 6, 1965 with Dr. Joseph W. Goldzieher, director of the Division of Clinical Sciences, Southwest Foundation for Research and Education.

"The excruciating pain increased until 10 o'clock that night when I experienced dagger-like, massive pains throughout my chest, screaming 'I'm dying.' A half-hour later, at George Washington Hospital, a dose of Heparin alleviated the condition. I spent two weeks in the hospital, and after seven weeks was taken off all medication and declared cured. . . . Last summer . . . my 35-year-old sister, having taken oral contraceptives for about two months, had a severe thrombophlebitis which incapacitated her for several months." – This from a letter to the writer by a Bethesda, Maryland, mother of four sons who suffered a pulmonary embolism two months after starting to take The Pill. She was 44, had "enjoyed near-perfect health all my life" and had been rated a "good risk" by the obstetrician who had cared for her for 14 years.

On May 6, 1967, the *British Medical Journal* published a report of momentous significance, considering that The Pill was being taken by an estimated six million women in the United States and five million elsewhere. On the basis of three separate studies, the British Medical Research Council had concluded "that there can be no reasonable doubt that some types of thromboembolic disorder are associated with the use of oral contraceptives." The Council was positive of a cause-effect relation with thrombophlebitis, in which a blood clot forms in a vein, and with pulmonary embolism, in which the lung artery is blocked by a piece of a clot that has broken away at a distant site and moved through the circulatory system. Although firm evidence of a causal relation with strokes was lacking, the Council said, the preliminary results "support this suggestion."

The British studies now are complete, and final figures will be published in a few weeks. One who was shown the figures, on the condition that he not disclose them in advance of publication, was Dr. Louis M. Hellman – chairman of the Food and Drug Administration's Advisory Committee on Obstetrics and Gynecology. In a report filed in August 1966, this group concluded that there are "no adequate data, at this time, proving these compounds unsafe. . . ." But at a press briefing last January 18 at the FDA, Dr. Hellman acknowledged what had up to then been heresy: a cause-effect relation has been demonstrated – by the British – between The Pill and thrombophlebitis and pulmonary embolism. Commissioner James L. Goddard and Dr. Herbert L. Ley Jr., director of the Bureau of Medicine, said that FDA had undertaken an "intensive review" of the labeling, which for about a year has been uniform for all brands of The Pill.

The death rate indicated in May by the preliminary British figures was three per 100,000 per year. For women who could use The Pill throughout the child-bearing age span, that is, from 15 through 44, the risk over the 30-year period would be 90 per 100,000. Efforts were made to make the risk appear trivial. The British Medical Research Council emphasized that in women of child-bearing age, the mortality rate "attributable to road-traffic accidents" is six per 100,000, or twice as high. This foolishness infected the lead paragraphs of dispatches from London by the wire services. United Press International reported that the Council found The Pill "far safer than a walk across a busy street." Reuters noted the Council's dis-

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missal of the risk as "small compared to the number of deaths in childbirth or in traffic accidents."

Reuters' reference to maternal mortality was the result of more statistical non-science. Considering that it was engaged in by the Research Council (and in this country by men with the credentials of Dr. Hellman and Dr. Joshua Lederberg, a Nobel Prize winner), not much blame attaches to the public for being taken in. Thus the Research Council cited an incidence of maternal mortality of 12 per 100,000 completed pregnancies, or nine more than among users of the birth control pills. The implication, of course, was that at a rate of nine per 100,000 The Pill saves the lives of women who use it. A preliminary objection to this is that it makes an unfair comparison – between women who are generally healthy (those using The Pill) and women who in large proportion have previously existing poor health which contributes to their maternal mortality. But there is a more fundamental objection which gets to the heart of the matter: the safety of The Pill is always *relative* and never absolute. Assuming the absence of medical conditions that contraindicate use of the estrogen-progestogen combinations, The Pill is safe in women for whom virtually 100 percent efficacy against conception is indistinguishable from safety – for example, mothers who cannot survive the birth of another child. The Pill is far less safe in, say, young women who want to work for a time before having children and who reliably will use another method of conception control, especially the diaphragm with spermicidal cream or jelly or vaginal foam (the intrauterine devices are not advised in women who have not been pregnant).

For the sake of simplicity, assume there are 10 million women who reliably will use the diaphragm or foam. Over the course of a year, the number who will become pregnant will be about 250,000 or about 2.5 percent, according to the best available estimates. It is this total – 250,000 – and *not* the 10 million to which the maternal mortality rate must be applied, because 9.75 million of the women do not become pregnant. And so the number dying in childbirth would be 30. If all of the 10 million had taken The Pill, there would have been 10 times as many deaths, or 300 (the product of applying a death rate from clotting of three per 100,000 users).

At his January press briefing, Dr. Hellman termed the three-per-100,000 risk "very, very small." This contention is arguable on several grounds. *First*, it is a risk that, as already suggested, many women need not take. *Second*, it slights the unquestioned danger of serious and permanent disability in women who are not killed by clotting diseases. *Third*, Dr. Herbert Ratner, who believes The Pill should be removed from the market, recalls in an editorial in the current *Child and Family* that at one time the government was ready to recall the Sabin vaccine "if cases of paralytic polio caused by the vaccine exceeded one per million inoculations." (The editorial also pointed out that the death rate from polio in the United States has exceeded two per 100,000 in only three of the 57 years in which records have been kept: 2.4 in 1910, 8.4 in 1916 and 2.1 in 1952.) *Fourth*, the British calculation of the risk is almost certainly an understatement because it is based on *retrospective* studies; that is, not until after disease developed was inquiry made about use of The Pill. *Prospective* trials match patients who are started on a drug with others who are not. Then the fates of the two groups are compared.

Last April, Dr. Arthur Ruskin, director of FDA's Adverse Reactions Task Force, said in *FDA Papers* that the "more scientific" prospective method "must be used when retrospective methods have failed to substantiate or disprove serious suspected adverse reactions, *e.g.*, thromboembolism." He went on to say that prospective trials with Parnate, an anti-depressant, uncovered 100 to 2,700 times as many cases of hypertensive crises as had been "originally suspected." The precise application of this experience to The Pill is speculative, but there can be no doubt that well-controlled prospective studies would unearth many more thromboembolic episodes than the retrospective studies, useful as they may be.

Finally, the supposed "very, very small" risk fails to take into account numerous other hazards. Plain Jeanine could not have known, when she expressed shock that The Pill wasn't available "to everyone," that FDA's labeling warns that in girls with incomplete bone growth the oral contraceptives can cause premature closure of the joints. Mothers using The Pill while breast-feeding, the labeling points out, produce milk containing "detectable amounts of the active ingredients. . . . The significance of this dose to the infant has not been determined."

In a pilot study in Great Britain sponsored by the Research Council, 118 women taking The Pill for the first time were compared with a "control" group. Almost one in 10 suffered symptoms of depression which in some cases was so severe as to call for psychiatric treatment (this indicates that such symptoms occurred in 1.1 million of the estimated 11 million women believed to be using The Pill worldwide). Minor side-effects such as weight gain and nausea aside, there are risks of diabetes and jaundice. "Out of 13 significant side-effects," *McCall's* said last November in a report on a survey it sponsored among 6,733 Fellows of the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists, the one "most frequently attributed to The Pill" was "the appearance in some patients of brownish facial

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skin pigmentation." There are reports of women who have become sterile after using oral contraceptives.

One question of utmost importance is whether The Pill causes cancer or prevents it, promotes a pre-existing cancer or retards it. "It is to be emphasized that all known human carcinogens require a latent period of approximately one decade," the FDA Advisory Committee said in its report of August 1966. "Hence any valid conclusion must await accurate data on a much larger group of women studied for at least 10 years." The "much larger group" would be 20,000 to 30,000 plus at least 20,000 "controls." Similarly, a population of 100,000 children followed for six to nine years would be necessary to determine the relative frequency of abnormalities in the offspring of mothers who had taken The Pill.

How have we got into a situation in which 11 million healthy – not sick – human beings have come to take, 20 days a month, potent drugs about which so little really is known? A public predisposed to believe almost blindly in science and technology, deeply troubled by the desperate problem of overpopulation, and seeing "*La Pilule d'Or*" as the passkey to a new sexual convenience – such a public is not disposed to skepticism. But this public was badly served – by FDA, Congress, assorted experts, much of the medical profession, the press and manufacturers.

Years before The Pill, the pre-Goddard FDA had been captured by the drug industry it purported to regulate. Sometimes with disastrous consequence, the agency released dangerous new chemical agents despite inadequate testing. FDA was predictably incompetent when, in 1960, it concluded that "the evidence establishes the safety" of Enovid, the pioneer Pill; six years later, FDA's Advisory Committee recognized that the paucity of data "makes unreliable *any* assumptions" about a causal relation between *any* oral contraceptive and serious adverse effects. Although destined for millions, Enovid went on sale after being tested for a maximum of 38 consecutive menstrual cycles in an incredibly small total of 132 women. As to cancer, the experience was adequately documented for a mere 400 users, and in them for an inadequate four years. Until the adoption of uniform labeling in late 1966, identical compounds were labeled differently. Thus the FDA-approved instructions for Ortho-Novum said nothing about use in a woman with a history of psychic depression; the labeling for Norinyl said it was contraindicated in such a woman; both products were composed of equal amounts of norethindrone and mestranol. In a year when – on a purely statistical basis – 1,200 cases of breast cancer were expected in women on the Pill, FDA's files had a report on one case.

In 1963, an advisory committee convened by FDA to look into initial reports of lung clots in women on The Pill made only one recommendation – for a well-controlled prospective trial. Had it not been for the British studies, we would have today nothing more than what Dr. Roy Hertz has called "a statistically inadequate mass of scattered observations." FDA shelved the 1963 recommendation for prospective testing. It did not even ask Congress for funding, and Congress never asked why not. A trial of the recommended kind only now has been organized by the National Institute for Child Health and Human Development. The first intake of women volunteers will begin this spring.

In the absence of proper tests, such Pill advocates as the late Dr. Gregory Pincus could and did keep chanting that it had not been proved unsafe. Dr. Alan F. Guttmacher, president of Planned Parenthood-World Population, was urging prescription of The Pill "two cycles before marriage so that the relatively transient, minor effects will . . . disappear before the honeymoon," *i.e.*, before the girl knows whether her marriage is among the approximately 10 percent that prove sterile. The first reports associating The Pill with strokes were published in the *British Medical Journal* in 1962, but in April 1965 Dr. Joseph F. Sadusk Jr., then FDA's top physician, said as to a possible cause-effect relation, "the information at hand is to the contrary." The assurance had hardly crossed his lips before a series of such associations began to be reported in the United States. The influential, ubiquitous Dr. Sadusk was a member of a World Health Organization task force that, in 1966, issued a highly reassuring report. But, the *Ladies' Home Journal* reported last July, one member said that unanimity was achieved only after an initial six-to-five split, under pressure from population-control forces to "deliver a whitewash" and with the help of an Iron Curtain delegate who liked being invited to "conferences in the West." In October 1965, in a major report in the *Journal* of the American Medical Association, an AMA committee said that if the safety of The Pill had not been assured, FDA would not have let it go on the market. Recently, both the AMA and FDA Commissioner Goddard have become commendably cautious, although as late as January 1967, on CBS' *Face the Nation*, Dr. Goddard insisted that The Pill was safe so long as its use was carefully directed by a physician who had carefully considered his patient's medical history. How could the prescribing physician know from a favorable examination and history whether a woman was predisposed to clotting? Whether a latent cancer existed? Yet just last month, the famed Dr. John Rock was telling the millions who read *Family Circle* that with precautions of the kind counseled by Dr. Goddard, The Pill "is perfectly safe." No drug is "perfectly safe."

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Vietnam: A Day's Work

by Orville Schell

Major Simon Olson came to Chulai in Quang Tin Province with the 196th Light Brigade as Forward Air Control pilot last April. Almost every day he takes off in a small Cessna O-1 or O-2 spotter plane and spends three hours circling attentively over the AO (Area of Operations) of Task Force Oregon. His job is to spot suspicious looking movements or enemy forces on the ground, plot their positions as targets, then to guide the jet fighter bombers in on air strikes. The FACs frequently get shot at.

Major Olson is about 40, medium-size, immaculately well shaven. He ambled up and introduced himself while I was standing outside the 196th's command bunker, looking up at the napalm-scorched hillside where the Press Information Officer said they had "had a little trouble with Charlie shooting mortars into the camp" several months ago.

We shook hands and the major asked if I was all set to "go up." We drove in his jeep out through rows of hastily built tent houses onto the sprawling Chulai Airbase, passing numerous barbed-wire checkpoints. We followed the giant concrete jet strip which stretched endlessly away into the heat. The air above was alive with traffic going out or returning from combat.

Major Olson was raised in Arkansas; his family lives at a base back in the States. He showed me an over-exposed color snapshot of his wife and two children, sitting on an outdoor swinging couch. He hoped they could come to Okinawa to live if he signs up for another tour of duty.

At the apron, scores of FAC planes were parked behind huge corrugated tin partitions to protect them from Viet Cong mortar attacks. A tall bare-chested GI was fitting phosphorous rockets into the two wing pods of one of the planes. The major put his hand admiringly on its fuselage: a "real pleasure to take up," much faster than the "old single engine jobs."

The bare-chested GI got me a helmet, some earphones, a flak vest and an empty chart tube. We took off heading inland from the mile-and-a-half runway to the mountains and terraced valleys which rise off the coastal plain. Below us the countryside lay marred by clusters of ashen stains which once were village huts, and miles of brown uncultivated rice paddies scarred with thousands of water-filled craters. Large clouds of gray smoke billowed into the air at one end of the valley. "It looks like they're putting in an air strike," the major said. "This here is an old VC area and we're trying to sterilize it. So we put in some napes [napalm] and artillery every now and again just to keep Charlie on his toes."

We flew over a village at a bend in a small river where all that remained were the blackened walls of a church which had been bombed. Suddenly the plane plunged into a dive.

"Down there," the major cried, "did you see that?"

A small dot-like figure had just run out of a thicket of bushes and dived into what seemed a hole. We leveled off and circled at about 200 feet. Two flat trays of vegetables were drying in the sun. "When you see those baskets or little vegetable gardens, you know that Charlie is still down there."

We flew on down the valley until a voice crackled over the radio.

"Say, I got me a flight up here," drawled a rather bored voice, "and I'm fixin' to put in at the base. Can you get me a target?"

"What are you carrying?" queried Major Olson.

"I got me a few snake eyes [750 pound bombs] and a couple of napes."

There is a rule that no pilot can land before he has disposed of all his ordnance. It is the job of the FACs to provide jiffy targets for these incoming aircraft. Unless there is some combat in the area, they usually hit what are called "preplanned targets" – suspected troop concentration points, suspected storage areas or any other suspicious movements in what the major referred to as "unoccupied areas." These targets (as distinguished from air support for ground operations) are fair game at any time.

We could see the three sleek F-100s, flying noiselessly above us in formation. Major Olson was still on the radio: "Well, let's see. We might put some more stuff in on that target we hit yesterday up on the ridge on 784-543 [these are the coordinates which help the pilots locate the targets on their own maps]. Follow me up and we'll have a look at her."

We headed back toward the mountains, but a thunderstorm had just broken out and we were forced down into the valleys to a "secondary target" which Major Olson chose from a list in a small spiral note-

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The Author Comments

Major Olson is only one of over half-a-million Americans in Vietnam who have at their disposal almost unlimited means of destruction. They play a game whose rules are determined by those above them. They want to live, and if they are not killed, to be promoted. There is tremendous pressure to "get on the team," whatever the team is up to.

A man who risks his life in combat clings tenaciously to any assurance that what he is doing is necessary and noble. Soldier and leader reinforce each other. Johnson and Rusk tell the military that we are fighting communist aggression now so that we will not have to fight the Chinese in Los Angeles (and to bring the Vietnamese a better life). The military tells Johnson and Rusk they "see light at the end of the tunnel" and that the "tide of war is turning." Both are reassured. Neither seems to see that the whole exchange has nothing to do with reality: a small country is being exterminated, and the threat to our national interests cannot justify it.

The myriad six-point and 10-point peace plans dutifully concocted by well-meaning people to escape being branded "irresponsible critics without alternatives," are a waste of time. They seek some magic formula which will appease Ho Chi Minh, Johnson and the NLF. Given the present terms of conflict this is as unlikely as a reconciliation between the Black Panthers and Lurleen Wallace through the intercession of a negotiator. We claim to want a peace settlement that is "honorable." It is inconceivable to me how so dishonorable an episode in our history can be terminated with honor to us. One suspects that Johnson and Rusk mean a settlement that will save their own faces. They seek to give the appearance of honor, instead of honor itself. For we must face the full horror of our mistake in Vietnam. Such a confrontation would be profoundly disturbing; our whole political structure might be rocked to its foundations and many politicians badly hurt. But who can err on such a scale and expect to get away scot-free?

Our leaders have played upon a great American trust: that we are incapable of killing without good cause. Slowly we begin to realize that this is not true. The recent communist offensive and the mass and indiscriminate US counterattacks on Vietnamese cities only give added urgency to stopping the hostilities, lest, as in the unfortunate city of Ben Tre, we are forced to "destroy" all of Vietnam in order to "save" it.

O. S.

book. We began circling lower and lower over another village. I could see only a few reconstructed grass huts. One cement well, built some years ago by AID, remained standing.

"We've had trouble here in the past," the major said, "and we think this may be some sort of a VC storage area. We must have hit this place 10 times already and told everyone to get out. But still there are some stubborn guys living underground. We figure they're VC."

"Where are all the other people who used to live here?"

"Oh, they're repatriated down below some place." He went back to the radio.

"This is Typhoon to Romeo," the major called out to the jets. "Can you see those military structures down at 7543-5962 by that funny little pond?"

"Roger. You mean them three little hooches [huts] sitting together down there?"

"That's the baby. Now I'm going in and you just hit my smoke."

We climbed briefly, then plunged into a dive. A rocket streaked out from our right wing pod and struck about 50 feet from the thatched huts. We pulled out and banked away from the rising puffs of white smoke.

"OK," said Major Olson. "Put her right in around there and let's see what develops."

The first jet released a bomb but missed by a good hundred feet. A huge gray cloud billowed up over a small green rice paddy. There was no sound and no concussion; just a slow-motion cloud of smoke, earth and debris rising into the air as though it all had taken place under water.

"OK, now move her over about 100 feet and she'll be right on the money," said Major Olson. The jet released a second bomb. The whole area around the three huts disappeared in the blast.

"Real fine, that's just a real pretty job. That's right on the button!" commended the major.

We took one last look over the target. Nothing remained of the huts. There was no sign of life. The major thought he saw some bunkers through the lingering smoke, but he was not sure whether they were supply bunkers or personnel bunkers which families dig beneath their huts as protection against artillery and air strikes.

Slowly we climbed back up into the mountains. In the distance, smoke rose into the sky from another strike. Whole sides of these mountains had been torn up by artillery fire, scorched by napalm or defoliated. I pointed to a clear stream running down a mountainside. Major Olson banked the FAC for a look: "Yah. It wouldn't be a bad place to go fishing if a fellah had an afternoon off, would it?"

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Alexander M. Bickel

Spock-Coffin Case

The trial of "the fearsome five" may settle nothing about the legality of the war in Vietnam, but it will help clarify what kinds of speech and protest are to be protected by law.

The fearsome five (William Sloane Coffin Jr., Michael Ferber, Mitchell Goodman, Marcus Raskin, and Benjamin Spock; see *NR* January 20) whom the government has charged with a conspiracy to counsel and abet violations of the Selective Service law, have now been properly arraigned before a federal judge in Boston, and have pleaded not guilty. The trial – so the judge indicated – will probably take place in the spring. It is likely to raise, for ultimate disposition by the Supreme Court, interesting issues of the extent to which the legal order tolerates fundamental protest, dramatically expressed.

The indictment falls into two general parts, one of which charges a conspiracy to "hinder and interfere, by any means, with the administration" of the Selective Service Act, and to "counsel, aid and abet . . . registrants to unlawfully . . . refuse and evade service in the armed forces," and the other a conspiracy to counsel, aid and abet registrants to turn in draft cards, and thus to violate regulations that require such cards to be kept on the person. No one can now say with assurance what evidence the government will bring forth, but on the basis of what is publicly known of the behavior in common of at least the more prominent among the accused, it can be surmised that the first part of the indictment alleges a crime consisting entirely of speech – oral and written utterances – while the second covers both speech and conduct. Two somewhat distinct sets of issues are thus raised.

Although it is, at first blush, startling to realize it, the First Amendment does not forbid either Congress or the states to prohibit and punish certain forms of speech. But if speech (of the sort that is here involved) is to be punished, it must have constituted a clear and present danger of some other unlawful act – it must, in other words, have been speech that had an immediate tendency to lead to conduct, which in itself was or would have been unlawful. It was Holmes who gave us the clear-and-present-danger test, and he supported it with the following famous metaphor: "The most stringent protection of free speech would not protect a man in falsely shouting fire in a theatre, and causing a panic." But it was Holmes also who, departing from the simplicity of the metaphor, soon added that punishable speech must be intended as, and must in fact be, an incitement to action, so that it can be realistically regarded as the proximate cause of action. Still later he said: "Every idea is an incitement. It offers itself for belief, and, if believed, it is acted on unless some other belief outweighs it, or some failure of energy stifles the movement at its birth." Hence if the society was to enjoy any freedom of radical discussion, ideas that could be forbidden had to carry some special, and intentional, quality of incitement.

Suppose, then, that Coffin *et al* condemned the Vietnam war as illegal and immoral, criticized the Selective Service Act as inequitable in its system of exemptions, advocated allowance of a right of selective conscientious objection to this war in particular rather than to all war in general, and offered moral support to persons who refused military service on grounds of conscience, whether or not the law now recognizes those grounds as valid. And suppose, further, that they counseled all those who, for whatever reason, could not in conscience serve, to refuse service. If such statements are deemed a punishable incitement, what vigorous criticism of the war is not? For who can gauge the difference in impact on potential Selective Service draftees of assertions that the war is illegal, unnecessary, unwise, unconscionable and immoral, and statements making explicit what is otherwise clearly inferable, namely, that the nature of the war is such as to legitimately create problems of conscience for those who are asked to serve in it? There is a line to be drawn between this kind of discussion, and speech that exhorts to action, that attempts to impose the speaker's will, and make his audience into an instrument of his will. Even this line may seem arbitrary, since as Holmes said, every idea is an incitement. But it is a line which works a tolerable accommodation between the freedom of the individual to think and speak, and society's insistence that its commands be obeyed.

Even if the kind of discussion supposed above can be called an incitement, there is very considerable

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question whether it incited to actions that may constitutionally be made illegal. The present statute, recently tightened by amendment, allows conscientious objection only for religious pacifists. But as the Supreme Court at the very least hinted a year and a half ago in *United States* v *Seeger*, the First Amendment may not permit such a singling out of religious convictions as against humanistic or other ones. So it may be that even if they incited to action, Coffin *et al* incited to action that will in many instances ultimately prove to be perfectly lawful.

The other branch of the indictment, dealing with the draft card turn-ins, which may be all that is left of the case by the time it reaches the appellate level, raises the question whether all speech that creates a clear and present danger of unlawful conduct on the part of its hearers is punishable, regardless of the kind of unlawful conduct that is in prospect: grave, such as violent overthrow of the government or evasion of military service; or trivial, such as littering the streets or failure to carry an identity card. The Supreme Court has, in many cases, taken no such rigid attitude. Freedom of speech is so highly valued, it has suggested, that it may weigh more heavily in the balance than some minor regulation serving the public convenience but hardly an essential public interest. The draft-card-carrying requirement is such a regulation. It is not even in the statute itself, but is administratively promulgated, and serves trivial ends, if any valid ones at all. To have counseled its violation in the course of condemning the war and the Selective Service System as a whole may be, therefore, to have created a clear and present danger that is so tiny, so peripheral to any significant public interest, that averting it is an insufficient justification for punishing speech.

Viewed in another aspect, a draft card turn-in may itself be seen as a form of protected speech, for the Supreme Court has recognized a category of what it calls symbolic speech. At a recent argument of a draft-card-burning case that is before the Court on appeal, a few Justices indicated in questions to counsel that there are many kinds of symbolic speech, like throwing rocks through the windows of the White House, which ought to be punishable, obviously. Symbolic speech is a concept that collapses the clear-and-present-danger test; it is itself both the speech and the conduct to which it gives rise. Hence it can either be forbidden altogether, or if some forms of it are allowed and protected by the First Amendment, then it must be because the evil of the conduct is of a very low order of significance. So it is relevant that draft card turn-ins and throwing rocks at the White House are quite different activities – in both intent and consequences. Draft card turn-ins do not impede the effective operation of the Selective Service System, nor do they cause any public disturbance. There is also a difference between turning in draft cards and burning them. The latter act is quite different in temper. It carries an aura of violence, of excitement as well as vigorous and dramatic expression. If one may not shout fire in a crowded theatre, it is perhaps plausible that one should not be entitled to start an emotional fire in a public place. Whatever may be thought of burnings, therefore, draft card turn-ins ought to be accepted as a form of dramatic speech that the society can well tolerate; not that it is wise or necessarily constitutional to punish burnings either.

Mr. Coffin and the others have said that they had hoped to offer an occasion for a judicial determination of the legality, under domestic and international law, of the nation's present venture in Vietnam. It is highly improbable that in the framework of the case that has been brought against them they can serve this purpose. The lawfulness of the war is an issue quite remote from the charges in the government's indictment. It is likely also that Coffin *et al* were more than willing to confront the government with an act of civil disobedience, and that they thought they were doing so. This purpose is, of course, entirely consistent with their pleas of not guilty, and with their readiness to test the limits of the First Amendment as applied to their utterances and conduct. Their cause will be easily as well served if they enlarge the area of legitimate protest for themselves and others, as if they emphasize their protest by going to jail. Since they are evidently men of conscience and of high moral motivation, they restricted themselves – for reasons of their own, not out of lawyer-like caution – to supporting and quickening the conscience of the young, and to the peaceable abetting of draft card turn-ins. They apparently made no attempt to incite the young to more serious action. Hence it is quite possible that their speech and conduct were lawful, and that an act of genuine civil disobedience has eluded them. Their protest will have been no less admirable or fruitful for that.

COMING: *The need for a review of our system of military justice – by Edward F. Sherman*

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JULES FEIFFER

From "Baby and Child Care" by Doctor Benjamin Spock: "DO YOU WORRY WHEN YOUR TWO YEAR OLD PULLS ANOTHER'S HAIR, OR PLAYS WITH A TOY PISTOL?"

"IF YOUR CHILD IS HURTING ANOTHER OR LOOKS AS IF HE WERE PLANNING MURDER, PULL HIM AWAY... AND GET HIM INTERESTED IN SOMETHING ELSE."

"IT'S BETTER NOT TO HEAP SHAME ON HIM - THAT ONLY MAKES HIM FEEL ABANDONED AND MORE AGGRESSIVE."

"IF A CHILD GOES ON BEING UNUSUALLY AGGRESSIVE... AND DOESN'T SEEM TO BE LEARNING ANYTHING ABOUT COOPERATIVE PLAY..."

"IF HE'S SPENDING A GOOD PART OF EACH DAY TELLING ABOUT IMAGINARY ADVENTURES, NOT AS A GAME BUT AS IF HE BELIEVES IN THEM.."

"IT RAISES THE QUESTION WHETHER HIS REAL LIFE IS SATISFYING ENOUGH."

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Dist. Publishers-Hall Syndicate

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Tell the Real Lies

Peter Brook's film against the Vietnam war is the wrong film at the right time. The filth – of outrageous government falsehood, of responsibility for pointless death and destruction – is piling up in America in a way that makes this country seem a very great deal worse than New York during the garbagemen's strike. If we are to have a big Eastmancolor picture on this subject now, it ought – in heaven's sweet name – to be one that heightens and thrusts forward all possible American opposition to the war. Which means, for the most pragmatic reasons, not for dainty aesthetic ones, that it ought to be a good film. *Tell Me Lies* is not.

Tell Me Lies (Continental)

A couple of years ago Brook produced an anti-war theatrical work called *US* with the Royal Shakespeare Company of London, parts of which were included in a short film called *The Benefit of the Doubt*, directed by Peter Whitehead, that was shown at the last New York Film Festival. Now Brook has used *US* as the starting-point for a long cinema fantasia on the same theme and has used most of the same actors. (Note, to our additional shame, that both of these films were made in Britain. The only major American picture I know of on this subject is John Wayne's forthcoming *Green Berets*, whose aim will presumably be different.) *Tell Me Lies* begins with Mark, a young Londoner, becoming upset by the magazine photo of a bandage-swathed Vietnamese baby. He sets out on a kind of pilgrimage around London, asking questions, attending rallies, having conversations with known and unknown figures. There are also reenactments of some actual events, like the self-immolation of Norman Morrison, the American Quaker, before the Pentagon. There is a portion of the (New York) Open Theatre's ribald playlet on how to beat the draft. There are songs and sketches. There is a general air of tension.

But it is an air of theatrical tension, of self-dramatization. After Mark and his girl leave a cinema where they have seen a Buddhist monk burning himself in Saigon, she asks him, "What is there that we would be prepared to burn ourselves to death for?" The question seems to me typical of what is wrong with this film – thin dramatics over a void of thought. The answer to her question, I should think, is: "Nothing, I hope. And I really don't feel remiss about it, either. But I also hope there are some things I would want to stay alive as long as possible for – and to fight about. There are far too many burners in the world already. Why do their work *for* them?"

The attitudinizing songs, the soul-baring professions, the "daring" sketches, are all in a mélange of Brecht-Artaud modes that is supposed to assault our minds and our nerve-ends, but it only distracts us to the *surface*, to the actors themselves being personal and rather designedly uninhibited; so we lose sight of Vietnam in a welter of uninteresting candor, as well as of theatrical theory. I am not much interested in sophomoric political discussions in Chelsea basements, simply because familiar juvenilities are couched this time in British locutions. I am not the least bit interested in the actress, Glenda Jackson, being vibrant at me with banal discoveries she has made in the recesses of her soul. (I would be *very* interested in seeing this fine actress – who was Charlotte Corday in *Marat/Sade* – in a good script that dramatized the putrescence of this war.)

Earlier, at an outdoor rally, Miss Jackson reads a ringing statement, and when Mark asks her who wrote it, she says quietly, "Ché Guevara," and passes on. We are meant to reel, some way or other, without any questions at all, silenced by that charismatic name. This is totemism, not politics.

And this leads to a terrible irony. I think that Brook's film works just against the crusading effect he meant it to have – precisely because of his cavalier treatment, or dismissal, of politics. This was crystallized for me in one incident. At a party Mark converses with Kingsley Amis and Peregrine Worsthorne, two of Britain's staunchest supporters of Johnson's Vietnam policy, who are clever polemicists. Their arguments about stopping communism and drawing the line in Vietnam were for me the points that were made most strongly in the whole film! I emphasize as loudly as I can: they are points with which I disagree. But the rest of the film is so woozy or quivering-souled or *East Village Other* bawdy about matters I agree with, that the Amis-Worsthorne views stand out as a (deceptive) moment of clarity. I would have given all the songs, all the blue jokes, all the squiggles of soul-searching, for one minute of cogent reply to their views. The Amis-Worsthornes need to be *answered*, especially to convince the unconvinced; and pictures of charred babies will not move their supporters. No one displayed pictures of the charred babies of Hamburg in 1943 or of grievously wounded Egyptians in June 1967 – at least not as arguments against the Allies or Israel. Why? Because the horrors of war were taken as necessary for political ends. Well, that is exactly what the Amis-Worsthornes of the world are saying now, and all the pictures of blasted villages and burning Buddhists are only clucked over as part of the price for necessary ends.

Two other recent films about Vietnam also fell far short of the point for which they were presumably made. *The Anderson Platoon*, by the Frenchman Pierre Schoendoerffer, was a documentary about some US soldiers, their courage and their hardships. Some of the footage was fine, but it said nothing about *this* war; with a change of helmets and rifles, it could have been made on Guadalcanal. Felix Greene's *Inside North Vietnam* showed us in color how lovely the Vietnamese countryside is and how graceful and winning the people are, even if the cheerful workers were possibly under the eye of an off-camera commissar. But all it accomplished that was really

(Continued on page 37)

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Books and the Arts

A New Kind of Schooling

by Joseph Featherstone

John Holt's new book, *How Children Learn*, is splendid, and nearly meets the very high standard set by his brilliant and angry first book, *How Children Fail* (1964). These two works, which should be read together, deserve to become classics, books to reread and think about. Among many virtues, their clarity and modest specificity make them models of how to talk usefully about children and learning.

How Children Learn
by John Holt
(Pitman; $4.95)
How Children Fail
by John Holt
(Delta; $1.75)

How Children Fail is a polemic, tempered only by the acuteness and subtlety of Holt's perceptions. His approach seems to be a deliberate assault on the mandarin pretensions and inane certainties that flourish in the world of educational scholasticism; the method is simply to present diary notes from classes he has taught or observed, with some later reflections on what he saw. He is always careful to stipulate that what a teacher sees is, at best, part of the truth. A teacher is like a man in the woods at night with a powerful flashlight: "Wherever he turns his light, the creatures on whom it shines are aware of it, and do not behave as they do in the dark." Holt's beam catches the startled faces of one species of night creature, children who are failing in school. Some of the vignettes of terror and boredom in the classroom read like one-act plays written by a particularly desolate dramatist of the absurd.

There is a whole gallery of wretches, such as Jack, the fearful boy who is always falling when he plays soccer:

> "Being a boy, he can't pull out of the game as a girl might do, or just get out of the way of the bigger boys when they come at him. So, every now and then he falls down, and thus gets an honorable rest period for a second or two."

There are the children who merely resent school or find it boring, who deliberately go stupid the way demonstrators go non-violent; there are the more unhappy children who adopt failure as a tactic because, like many alcoholics, they cannot meet the high standards they have set for themselves; and there are the children so desperately dependent on the approval of adults that they short-circuit the awesome possibility of failure and disapproval by being wrong quickly and ending the agony of uncertainty.

A thread running through all the sketches is the idea that failure for many children is not just a matter of misunderstanding or wrong answers. Holt argues that failure is almost a way of life, a whole set of special strategies children adopt in response to the boring, or incomprehensible, or scary demands of teachers and parents. Poor students think differently from good ones, approaching school tasks with different aims. A question is not a cue to begin thinking about an answer, but more like a torpedo alert in a ship, a signal to start evasive maneuvers aimed at minimizing terror and humiliation.

Underlying the many variations on Holt's dismal theme is a basic point about how people learn. His indictment of teachers and schools is, in a sense, epistemological: schools train children to be stupid. Their coercive methods and rigidly set curricula scare and confuse children so badly that they succeed in shattering a young learner's essential confidence that he can make sense out of life. Good learners have confidence that life makes sense. They have had plenty of chances to build up, through their own experience, a stable picture of what they can expect from the universe. They check results against their common sense – their model of the way things are – and they learn from mistakes.

Failures, by contrast, are children who have never been permitted to acquire a sense that the world is orderly. Adults have condemned them to live in what must seem like an absurd universe. Desperately reliant on their elders, these children work at memorizing the words and symbols teachers emphasize without ever being able to amass a background of experience that would make the symbols intelligible. This is true of all subjects, but it is perhaps easiest to see in mathematics, the most bizarre of all the hazings children are put through in the name of education. The most lurid scenes in *How Children Fail* are drawn from math work, where Holt shows examples of how schools have made children stupid to a point where they scarcely have a grip left on reality. Any primary school can offer equally lurid scenes daily. And horror stories aside, it is true that if you ask children at a respectable primary school to tell you whether the answer to 8 times 5 is bigger or smaller than the answer to 8 times 4, an astonishing number of them won't be able to say until they mentally run through their multiplication tables. This will even be so for children who are doing reasonably well on math achievement tests. Teachers who point to test scores with satisfaction seldom stop to imagine what it would be like to lead an existence so arbitrary that you couldn't be sure, without checking, that 8 times 5 is bigger than 8 times 4.

One of Holt's aims is to demolish the persistent idea that the purpose of teaching is to fill children's heads full of strings of words. This notion is still the basis for rote textbook teaching in most schools, and also, in a sophisticated form, the central assumption of

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by david herreshoff

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many of the new curriculum projects attempting to lead children to some set of generalizations supposedly reflecting the structure of a university discipline. Either way, this approach is futile. The real job of teaching ought to be to help the child build up his own picture of the world, putting things together, as much as possible, for himself. This is best accomplished in a classroom organized to permit choices, where teachers help the learning process, but don't try to take over the job:

> "A child learns best, at any moment, not by using the procedure that seems best to us, but by the one that seems best to *him*; by fitting into his structure of ideas and relationships, his mental model of reality, not the piece we think comes next, but the one he thinks comes next."

This is a hard truth for adults, particularly articulate and intelligent adults, to swallow. The more adults become aware of the structural nature of their ideas, the more they are tempted to think they can transplant the abstract structure whole into a child's mind. Yet the model in my head is the product of a great deal of experience, and it cannot simply be turned into words and handed to the child; all he would learn is words, and my beautiful generalization, that whispers so much to me, would become just another slogan to memorize for the final. Piaget and other developmental theorists have begun to show the importance to young children of the layers of experience that go into earning an abstract insight, the amount of concrete activity, time, talk, and just plain messing around. To stress this is not to deny that abstractions are important; it is to insist that children first have to figure out how to turn their own reality into symbols before they can make use of the great sets of signs and codes that people have devised to make sense of the world.

All this is theory, remote from the feelings in the pit of somebody's stomach when he faces a math quiz. *How Children Fail* contains an important theoretical attack on our word-driven and symbol-haunted schools and the way they cut children off from their own extraordinary powers of learning, but it is not primarily a pedagogical treatise. With its sharp, compressed vignettes and its muffled poetry, it is a vision of an inferno. Everything begins and ends with fear: children running scared, dizzy and sick at the prospect of failing and being stupid; children who in their ignorance are chained by teachers to routines that guarantee more failure and humiliation. It shows how little sense most teachers have of what is happening in the inferno, and how they alternate between thoughtless and mysterious cruelties and equally mysterious self-righteous attitudes, which the failing children are often expected to cheer. And this is supposed to be a vision of what's happening in good schools – Holt teaches in private schools, not in the slums.

Holt can be exasperatingly single-minded. All blame lies on grown-ups all the time, as if children aren't capable of devising hells for themselves and other children, and as if in many areas of American life they don't already have adults on the run. Sympathizers with the plight of children need the kind of reminder Stokely Carmichael once gave to Robert Penn Warren: "You got to remember, Negroes are bastards, too." I doubt, too, whether school is as important to most children as Holt, in common with many guilty teachers, makes it out to be. Some "failures" continue to develop their talents and use their minds when school lets out; to them it is a boring nuisance, not a tragedy, and they find ways to get around the system and generally keep it off their backs. Like the army, school can teach you how to survive.

Holt is a romantic but of a special kind. He never idealizes the state of childhood; on the contrary, he argues that babies and children would prefer not to be ignorant and helpless and want very much to become smart, independent, competent, and powerful, like adults. He has faith that children, if left to themselves, have an almost infinite capacity to learn. Like most critics of education in the radical tradition, he is reluctant to concede that one generation has much to offer another. Things seem so bad, and so much wickedness is done in the name of adult authority, that he is unwilling to concede anything to the enemy. But

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the polemical stance gives a dogmatic ring to his faith and makes him relatively unconcerned with what adults do have to give children and what children need from them. You wish that the moralist would yield more often to the observer. But to make these qualifications and strictures leaves Holt's indictment still standing. Every classroom in the country has at least a few and maybe more terrified children living in the world described so vividly in *How Children Fail*. All students, of course, including college students, are paying a price for our rigid and coercive assumptions about teaching and learning; Holt is assuring us that for some the price is unendurable.

How Children Learn is in every respect a sunnier work than *How Children Fail*. It is also more tentative and less compelling. Now Holt seems more aware of how the way children learn outstrips our limping ability to construct theories, and he relies even more on short sketches and diary entries. These are the heart of the book. Appropriately enough, the sketches are mostly studies of children who aren't yet ruined by school, children between the ages of one and six. Again, the precision and delicacy of observation is masterful. Here's part of an account of some children fooling around with a cello:

". . . almost all little children attack the cello the same way. They are really doing three things at once. They are making the machine go. They are enjoying the luxury of making sounds. And they are making scientific experiments. They start off by working the bow vigorously back and forth across one of the strings. They keep this up for a long time. Just the feel and sound of it are exciting. Then they begin to vary their bowing a bit, trying different rhythms. After a while they begin to move the bow so that it touches more than one string, or they move to another. . . . But it is important to note that the first few times they do this, they do not seem to be doing it in the spirit of an experiment. . . . They do it for the sake of doing it. . . . Only after some time does it occur to them that there was a relation between the way they bowed and the kind of noise they got. . . . But they have to do a good deal of what looks like random bowing, activity for its own sake, before they begin to think about what they are doing. . . . It doesn't take a child long, by such steps, to grasp the basic idea of the cello, the relationship of the bow, the string, and the left hand. But while he has been figuring this out, he has been ceaselessly active. One could say that he is having too much fun – a weak word, really – playing the cello to want to take time to figure it out. . . . A trained scientist wants to cut all irrelevant data out of his experiment. . . . But a child doesn't work that way. . . . He has, after all, grown up in a strange world where everything is noise, where he can only understand and make sense of a tiny part of what he experiences. His way of attacking the cello problem is to produce the maximum amount of data . . . to use his hands and the bow in as many ways as possible.

"A rare and painfully honest record of what it meant to be Asian during World War II."—*Book-of-the-Month Club News*.

BREAK-THROUGH IN BURMA

Memoirs of a Revolution, 1939-1946

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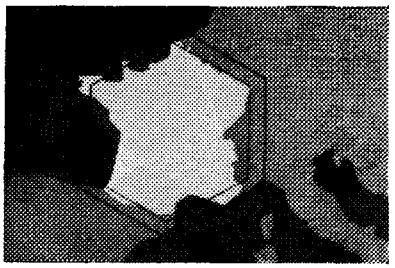

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Then as he goes along, he begins to notice regularities and patterns. He begins to ask questions – that is, to make deliberate experiments. But it is vital to note that until he has a great deal of data, he has no idea what questions to ask, or what questions there are to be asked. . . . Above all, he is much less likely than adults to make hard and fast conclusions on the basis of too little data, or, having made such conclusions, to refuse to consider any new data that does not support him. And these are the vital skills of thought which, in our hurry to get him thinking the way we do, we may very well stunt or destroy in the process of 'educating' him."

The sketches are about swimming, learning to make noises and to talk and read, doing puzzles. In specific and richly detailed ways they make a fairly simple set of points: small children are hungry to learn. There is no such thing as a "motivation" problem. Most children in their early years develop styles of learning that are far superior to the unmethods they later learn in school. They haven't yet, for the most part, learned to be afraid of mistakes, so they learn from them. They aren't yet haunted by fears of failing or being stupid or being labeled as a problem, so they have incredible patience: much of their learning and connecting things together takes place over a long span of time. They differ markedly from adults and children failing in schools in that they can tolerate uncertainty. They don't need an immediate definition of the situation.

These qualities are not promoted in schools. American schools, with their inability to credit children with powers of learning, their absurd notion that learning only happens when a teacher is talking, the contemptible rewards they hold out, their fixed curricula and formal patterns of teaching a whole class or group at a time, are doing the very opposite, as *How Children Fail* so depressingly documents. It is hard for most people to imagine what good schools would look like; we so badly lack working models. And yet for all that Holt is an uncompromising moralist, he is not a utopian; there are schools that are seriously moving in directions he approves of.

A number of British primary schools and a few in this country are carefully beginning to lay the foundations for a different set of assumptions about the nature of learning, and what teaching should be. In these schools, run for the most part by ordinary teachers, and not heroic geniuses, children are given choices and trained to work independently, and to a great extent the curriculum arises from their interests. The quality of work in the best of these schools is better than that in the best formal schools in this country. So far, it is true, this kind of education has worked best with children in the early school years but a small number of schools are adapting it successfully to older children as well. There are many problems: not only, as Holt would rightly insist, must teachers change, but there is also need for a new kind of open-ended curriculum to meet the more complex needs of older children, rich materials that have choices built into them. There is need for a great deal more thinking about pedagogy and the role of teachers and adults. And there is a risk – worth running, I think – that American educators will grasp at the methods of these schools without understanding the spirit behind the enterprise, both the concern for quality and workmanship and the respect for individual children it requires. In that case the result will simply be more empty faddism.

Holt is pointing to a new kind of schooling, without, to be sure, giving very much specific information as to how to get there. He is also, by argument and example, pleading for a different kind of psychology, trying to get us to watch children and record what we see in somewhat the same spirit as children approach his cello: open to experience, willing to talk, to listen, to play. While we know some things that seem to work better than others, learning is still a mysterious business, and we know very little about children. Holt admits that there are places and times when close analytical thinking is appropriate – where the variables are few and the data readily measurable, and the relevant questions are clear. But when there is a vast amount of material, when the variables are uncertain, and so little is known, rigor may be self-defeating.

Under the circumstances, it may be

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more scientific just to begin messing around. Certainly Holt's two books have more to say about children in the round, as they really are, than most works in psychology. With the exception of a few profound figures in developmental theory, psychology has almost nothing useful to say to teachers, and it has certainly reinforced American education's characteristic delusion that we can know, measure, and control what is going on in children's minds. Holt's works, fragmentary and tentative as they are, will be read by teachers when the more disciplined works of contemporary psychology are forgotten. The difference is simple: these books are wise.

Yvor Winters: 1900-1968

by Howard Kaye

Winters once called Hart Crane, who with consecrated obsession pursued exaltation through drink and sex, a saint of the wrong religion. By the standards of today's literary scene, Crane's religion is more or less orthodox; it is Winters himself who was driven to obstinate sanctity in the service of an arcane cult. Winters believed in reason, order, and discipline, and for his principles he endured misunderstanding, scorn, and – cruelest of all – obscurity. His critics dismissed him as a dry, academic moralist. But Winters, the apostle of discipline, was among the most passionate of modern poets. That was, of course, precisely why he seized like grim death on discipline, as Crane had on Scotch and sailors. The fatal temptation toward ecstatic oblivion, the derangement of the senses, immersion in oceanic feeling, was as real to Winters as it was to Crane or to Rimbaud.

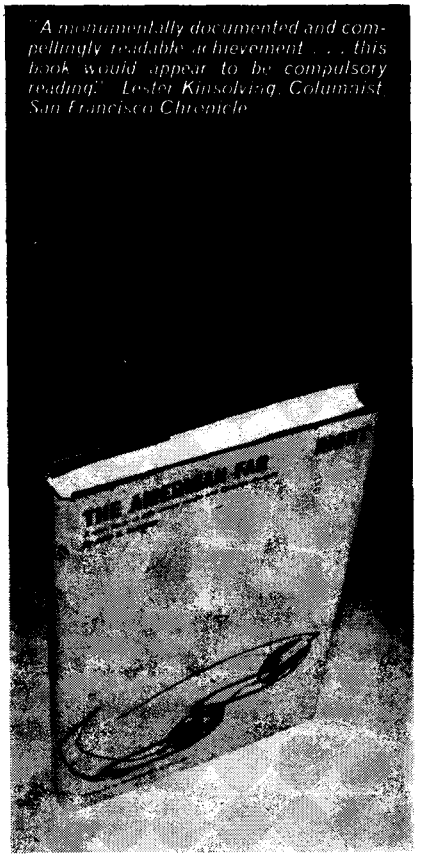
The threat of madness was most obvious in Winters' free verse of the twenties, which became increasingly violent in feeling, almost hysterical, as he grappled for a foothold in a world of meaningless flux. The horror of this universe of pure matter and energy impelled Winters in about 1928 to accept, as the only alternative to madness, a morality of absolutes. He embraced classical control and rationality. A corresponding recognition of the limitations of his violent free verse led him to experiments in traditional meter, and before long to his mature style – regular in form and controlled in feeling. The horror which is the subject and context of the early poems is never dismissed, however; it surges constantly against the constraint of poetic form and spiritual discipline. Winters dramatizes the struggle central to his poetry in the allegorical "Sir Gawaine and the Green Knight," where Gawaine, on one level, represents the rational soul in desperate conflict with the forces of subhuman nature. Gawaine is tangled with the lady:

> By practice and conviction formed,
> With ancient stubbornness ingrained,
> Although her body clung and swarmed,
> My own identity remained.

Time and evil, age and death are, for Winters, the facts of human condition. There is no escape. Winters called himself a theist, but God was the author of the perfect poem, the principle of rationality. Winters, a tough, solitary and bitter man, knew that the only possible salvation lay in confronting nature and his experience without evasion. Understanding, "though the eye sear with the effort," is a kind of mastery. Wisdom is the ultimate goal; and no one was more aware than Winters of the terrible exclusions required by this ideal of cold certitude. He described himself in his last poem:

> I was now essential wood,
> Concentrating into truth . . .
>
> Orchard tree beside the road,
> Bare to core, but living still!

Until the last few years, Winters' poetry has been eclipsed by his criticism. Of the two functions of criticism which T. S. Eliot proposed – the elucidation of works of art and the correction of taste – Winters' bent was always toward the latter. His criticism aimed at nothing less than a revolution of taste; its ultimate expression would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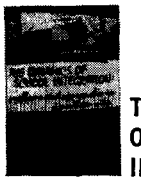

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have been the establishment of the perfect anthology. Winters deprecated almost every modern poet of established reputation: Yeats, Pound, Eliot, Williams, Frost, even most of Wallace Stevens. Earlier romantics, from Wordsworth to Whitman, he dismissed contemptuously, as beneath discussion. He championed a whole series of poets of obscure reputation: Fulke Greville, Charles Churchill, Frederick Goddard Tuckerman, Robert Bridges, T. Sturge Moore. And so, of course, he has been considered a crank.

Winters took ideas seriously, and he was a literalist. Of Yeats, he said: "We have been told many times that we do not have to take the idea of Yeats seriously in order to appreciate his poetry; but if this is true, Yeats is the first poet of whom it has ever been true." Winters took Yeats' ideas, as putative statements of literal truth, far more seriously than Yeats himself. The notion that ideas could be metaphorically true, or that a poem was self-contained and created its own morality, struck him as foolish. A poem, he repeated many times, is a statement about human experience, and its value lies in its understanding of that experience. Perhaps his insistence on the interrelation of the aesthetic and the moral limited the range of his appreciation. Still, an important aspect of his distinction as a critic was his perception of the implications in terms of real life of ideas in poetry: his perception that the emperor, however well hung, had no clothes on.

Winters' last book of criticism, *Forms of Discovery* (Alan Swallow, 1967), was, he said, "an act of piety." It was his legacy of judgment. His devotion to the great poets of the past – and present – informs the volume. Winters prints an almost totally unknown 16th-century sonnet by Mark Alexander Boyd (which Ezra Pound called "the most beautiful sonnet in the language") simply so that it shall not perish from our literature. He remarks that, "if Bridges survives, he will have my talent to thank as well as his own, and I might never have been born." Though arrogant, the statement is true. Winters was one of the few critics with the ability to read through the 1,500-page collected works of an overproductive poet and pick out the half dozen good poems. He was one of the few critics with the temerity to trust his own judgment, for he knew that the significant history of poetry must deal with the great poems, not with the merely typical or familiar ones. Winters, bedevilled for nearly fifty years by smug insensitivity, throughout the volume addresses the gentle reader. "But I think the time has come when my faithful reader may as well face certain facts, no matter how painful the experience: namely, that I know a great deal about the art of poetry, theoretically, historically, and practically . . . that six or seven of my former students are among the best poets of this century. . . ." Despite the bitter irony of Winters' asides to the establishment, the book is really addressed to present Wintersians and to posterity. It scorns apology and explanation, and will, as Winters knew, win him no converts.

The belief is common that Winters' mature poetic style was influenced by the plain style of the Renaissance. But the style of most of Winters' best poems is a modern one: Winters called it "post-Symbolist." By using abstract words in a descriptive context, his poems combine sensory vividness and abstract meaning in such a way that the sensory imagery, neither decoration nor illustration, itself embodies the ideas. (Speaking of sensory imagery, we should remember that for all his intellectuality, Winters was one of the preeminent nature poets of our time.) "The Slow Pacific Swell" describes what Yeats called the "murderous innocence" of the sea – its destructive, blind, inhuman power, and by extension the threatening forces of the subconscious.

By night a chaos of commingling power,
The whole Pacific hovers hour by hour.
The slow Pacific swell stirs on the sand,
Sleeping to sink away, withdrawing land,
Heaving and wrinkled in the moon, and blind;
Or gathers seaward, ebbing out of mind.

"To the Holy Spirit" deals with the bare fact, the unapproachable mystery of death. The second stanza, though

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it seems primarily descriptive, is charged with abstract meaning; it builds to a climax in the grim double reference of the last word.

High noon returns the mind
Upon its local fact:
Dry grass and sand; we find
No vision to distract.
Low in the summer heat,
Naming old graves, are stones
Pushed here and there, the seat
Of nothing, and the bones
Beneath are similar:
Relics of lonely men,
Brutal and aimless, then,
As now, irregular.

The rhythm of this passage, the relationship of syntax to line, is a vital element of its perception. Winters writes by the metronome only for the delectation of those with dead ears.

The grave, brooding power of Winters' poetry, the recognition of the terrible cost of his spiritual discipline, the quiet audacity of his imagery, give the lie to a widespread conception of him as a sterile formalist, yearning for a simpler past. His subjects and his style were modern in the fullest sense. As Robert Lowell said, "He was the kind of conservative who was so original and radical that his poems were never reprinted in the anthologies for almost twenty years."

In "Time and the Garden," Winters described himself, heir to the "tougher poets" of the past, striving against time to grasp "unbroken wisdom in a single look,"

Though we know well that when this fix the head,
The mind's immortal, but the man is dead.

How Lindsay Did It

by Morris Renek

"Sure I can beat him. Who ever heard of a Republican winning in New York City?" – Mayor Wagner on Lindsay's decision to run.

1964 was the year of Johnson's Democratic landslide, but in Manhattan's Silk Stocking District (which stretches to include some of the city's worst slums) Republican Representative John Lindsay reversed the trend with an incredible 91,000-vote victory, capturing 71 percent of the ballots. What next? The state's highest offices were solidly filled by Senators Kennedy and Javits and Governor Rockefeller. The only opening was the legendary graveyard of aspirations for the White House, the mayor's office.

Lindsay's Campaign
by Oliver Pilat
(Beacon; $5.95)

New York had a dismal credit rating, corruption thrived, justice crawled, the poor grew in numbers, and the city had only 700,000 registered Republicans to 2,400,000 Democrats. Neverthless Lindsay launched on the expensive, intricate, humiliating, and exhilarating road to victory in the 1965 mayoralty campaign, and that campaign has been captured by Oliver Pilat with the candor of a mirror on the morning after.

Pilat had been a reporter for the liberal *New York Post* for 29 years. When he took on the job of Number 2 man in Lindsay's press department he had been "periodically in hot water" at the paper chiefly for his "inability to enthuse over Bobby Kennedy." Pilat's work in the campaign was recorded in a diary; it is relaxed, and direct as a third rail.

To run for mayor, Lindsay had to clear his ambition with Rockefeller. The Governor did not want the popular Javits, who might build a power center in the city to rival Albany, to run for mayor, and he didn't want the young, potentially threatening Lindsay either. (He favored an obscure Transit Commissioner named John Gilhooley.) Rockefeller's backing was important to Lindsay for financial reasons as well as less ponderable ones, since Lindsay figured that a $1,500,000 campaign kitty was what he had to have. On the theory that Rocky would urge him to reconsider, Lindsay announced his withdrawal as a potential candidate;

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when the Governor accepted it Lindsay had then to de-humble himself and run on his own.

He had one asset, Pilat says, which was the equal of Rockefeller's money (which he eventually was given and gingerly accepted). This was the son of a Bronx grocer, Bob Price (code name: Adolf) who had the odd idea for a Republican of getting the party to the people by a string of store-front offices throughout the city. Young Price had successfully masterminded Lindsay's congressional campaigns, and he was to be the most important element in this one.

No amount of money and intelligence, however, could have assured victory to Lindsay unless the Democrats helped him, and they managed to do it. Once Wagner had withdrawn, the one proven vote-getter with a liberal image whom the Democrats had was Rep. William Fitts Ryan. But to Kennedy and Wagner, Ryan was an enemy. The Democratic primary saw two hacks – as Pilat rightly describes them – fighting it out: Deputy Mayor Paul Screvane and Comptroller Abraham Beame. Neither could come near matching the liberal record of Lindsay, who had been kept out of a seat on the House Foreign Affairs Committee by his own party for having voted to reduce the power of the conservative Rules Committee, had backed the seating of the Mississippi Freedom Party and been an early advocate of negotiations in Vietnam.

Screvane, a Queens Italian, accused Beame, a Jew from Brooklyn, of using Hitler's technique of the big lie. Beame, whose intellectual qualifications were heavily veiled, thereupon produced a rabbi to declare him a non-Hitlerite. Screvane's running mate for City Council President was urban affairs expert Daniel Moynihan who "had seen little of the city after he grew up." Moynihan inexplicably refused to accuse Bronx leader Charles Buckley of bossism, but lashed out at the son of a popular Italian politician: "I was a stevedore . . . before Mr. Rao got his jar of hair pomade."

The circus had one more act which amused Pilat. Though he detected a whiff of racism in William Buckley's speeches, he enjoyed the Conservative candidate's performance. But he points out that Buckley was entirely blind to how closely he was filling the classic stereotype of the unenlightened Irishman. At his most sophisticated-seeming, with his eyeballs scoring rhetorical points, Buckley gave the impression of being a Catholic Stepin Fetchit. His was the reflection, Pilat says, which cast a purer light on Lindsay.

Pilat catches, in passing, the polite murder of the ego in politics. In the loose hurly-burly lines of party campaigning, backbiting and paranoia among the coordinators kept them from any effective coordinating. In one unforgettable vignette Robert Kennedy is seen at the Waldorf drilling the machine candidate Abe Beame in the technique of projecting honest outrage. As for Lindsay, Pilat says that while he photographs like Galahad, he can make a most unpleasant impression in person. He conveys cold irritation behind an almost transparent mask, and uses the very transparency of the mask to show how irritated he is. But he is a man of dramatic interest, and the drama, for Pilat, lay in the way he was torn in 1965 between his ambition and his strong sense of independence. Pilat may have left out a substantive discussion of issues and dallied over personal trivia, but he gives the reader the sight and smell of the political arena.

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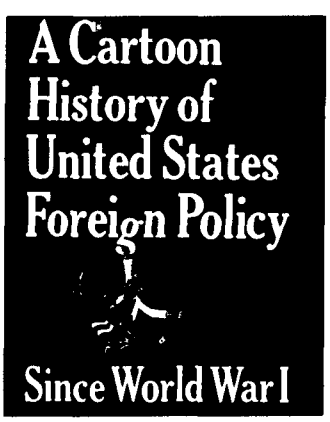

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Maritain on "Frenzied Modernism"

by Daniel Callahan

The worst enemies of new radicals, Lenin pointed out, are old liberals. Jacques Maritain, now in his eighties, is a good illlustration. During the forties and fifties Maritain was a major innovator among that small number of Roman Catholic liberals who paved the way for the Second Vatican Council. Along with the late John Courtney Murray, S.J., he helped lay the basis for Catholicism's long-overdue acceptance of political democracy and religious liberty. In the face of a conservative scorn of "humanism," the presumed deification of man at the expense of God, Maritain affirmed a Christian humanism which did much to make secular values respectable within the Church..

The Peasant of the Garonne
by Jacques Maritain
(Holt, Rinehart and Winston; $6.95)

For a large cadre of Catholic philosophers grown tired of a nineteenth-century bastardized Thomism, he revivified what remained of Aquinas' philosophy. The fact that he had a degree from the Sorbonne, taught during his final active years at Princeton and was one of the few Catholic philosophers most non-Catholics had ever heard of, provided reassurance for socially intimidated Catholic intellectuals that their kind could conceivably make it, and make it big, in the secular academy. When he finally retired, he moved in with an obscure and austere religious order in France, the Little Brothers of Jesus, dedicated to working with the poor. Thus he seemed

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to embody in his person and career the ideals of pre-conciliar liberalism: intellectual respectability, attachment to the poor and personal simplicity.

The Peasant of the Garonne is likely to send his old admirers looking for a new exemplar. Deliberately written, he tells us, in the blunt style characteristic of the peasants who live (as he now does) near the Garonne River, it represents his response to the radical Christian philosophy and theology which has come into prominence since the Council. He doesn't like what he sees. "A frenzied modernism" has made its appearance. "Faith" has been "emptied of every specific object." A "Grand Sophistry" is corrupting the simple. Bishop Robinson's *Honest to God*, a best-seller among religious progressives, "offers us a dog-tired Christianity which goes along with the stream." The Catholic Church is beset with "that ear-itching which particularly afflicts our times. . . . All these people," he writes (though he mentions few names), "have simply ceased to believe in Truth."

That is blunt talk from a philosopher whom Pope Paul VI has singled out for special praise; his book would seem therefore to deserve blunt comment. It is arrogant, unpleasantly coy at times, badly written and boring. Maritain draws on three main sources for his critique of the "modernizers": his own earlier works, those of his poetess wife Raissa, and the Bible, in about that order of precedence. The result is a book which suggests that the main fault of the new theology is that it has forgotten Jacques Maritain, as if he summed up in his own work everything of worth the Church had learned through the centuries. If that is the kind of humility one picks up while living with the Little Brothers of Jesus, he might have been better off had he retired to the plush quarters of the New York Chancery office.

The boredom is induced by a tedious recapitulation of some outworn or uninspiring positions: Aquinas is again vindicated, the authority of the Pope is upheld, most philosophers since Descartes are dismissed as unworthy of the name, private contemplation and an exotic "intuition of being" are extolled against a "communitarian" frenzy said to be taking over; the cosmic speculations of the Jesuit paleontologist Teilhard de Chardin are written off as "theology-fiction"; institutional reform of the Church is dismissed in favor of more personal "inner renewal."

I kept feeling I was back in an old crib as I read the book, a warm, comfortable crib filled with exceedingly toothsome pacifiers and intricate theological toys. The great things about the toys was that one could take them apart for hours on end, knowing they could be put together again in an instant. Mother Church gave us the assurance and Jacques Maritain provided some of the best technical manuals.

What happened to the crib and all those nice toys? Well, the crib broke when Pope John XXIII summoned the Council. And the toys, those beautiful toys, we just can't put most of them together any more; we took them apart too carefully the last time, discovered rust and rot, and then found that the old maintenance manuals were written in a now forgotten language.

The pity is that much of what Maritain wants to say probably needs saying at this point. Someone is going to have to figure out how to put the pieces together again. The tradition Maritain speaks for gave a high place to reason, philosophical precision and a carefully sifted tradition. "Truth," usually capitalized and incessantly repeated, was the watchword. Maritain is correct in noting that the emphasis has shifted. "Community," "relevance," "service," "process," and "encounter" are some of the new catchwords; they are exciting and edifying but are usually used with the kind of vagueness which drives logicians and semanticists wild. For Maritain and his generation, good will and splendid intentions were not enough; one had to be correct and precise. That is not a bad emphasis to hang on to, in an age which amply rewards radical theologians given to noisy prophesying (usually at press conferences) and flaccid concepts. When some of the best contemporary theologians begin talking of God as a "creative void," of the Church as a "happening," of prayer as a mode of "openness," one may well wonder whether the new toys are being made by dispossessed peasants working in some theological Hong Kong.

Maritain has a good nose for the

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Notes on Contributors

Howard Kaye *is a graduate student of English at Columbia.* Morris Renek's *first novel will be published by Macmillan.* Daniel Callahan *is Executive Editor* of Commonweal.

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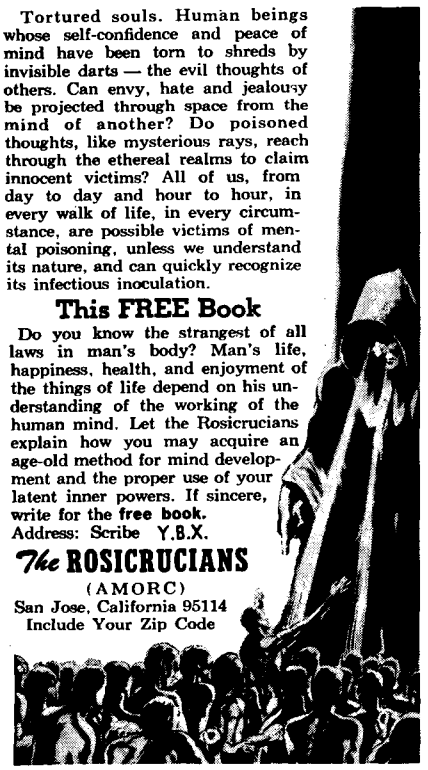

odor of this kind of theological junk. Unfortunately it is the kind of faculty which is badly equipped to detect anything new and good. The great strength of a rigorous Thomism is its care, nuance and consistency. It professes to see the world as it is, to unite faith and reason, to find a place for everything sacred and profane. Its fatal weakness is that most of its utterances are false, emanating from a solid castle resting on a swamp of bad premises. By contrast, the strength of much Catholic theology and philosophy since Maritain's hey day is its speculative boldness, its willingness to bear and even revel in total uncertainty, its seriousness about recent human experience. Its weakness is its proclivity for the modish and its eagerness to drop its pants in public for the sake of a good show.

There ought to be some better choices available, but they seem nowhere in sight. A clue to why they are not can be found in *The Peasant of the Garonne.* At one point Maritain remarks that we "are confronted today with only two philosophies," and these turn out to be the Marxist and the Christian. Just this kind of dichotomizing, pitting one monolith against another, is rejected by those who have come after Maritain. Yet the alternatives now offered are not much better. Out of an eagerness to avoid all dichotomies and any semblance of a monolith, the most unlikely bed-mates are welcomed into the household.

A Roman Catholic can be just about anything he pleases these days, at least if he is an academic or a layman. He can be a Jew, a Protestant, a Marxist, an empiricist, an idealist, whatever he likes; it may take some doing to pull it off, but he can usually manage it by invoking – well, say, by invoking the later figure of Jacques Maritain as a horrid example of what happens when people or the Church think they once and for all have got hold of The Truth. I am an empiricist myself, can't stand Teilhard, and haven't the faintest notion of what some of my colleagues are talking about when they speak with hushed voice about "the transcendent." But they tolerate me and I tolerate them; we pat ourselves on the back for our new openness. It's just as cozy as the old crib ever was, and maybe equally inconsequential.

Correspondence

Misled, In Every Sense

Sirs:

Your recent note (Feb. 17) showed forcefully how the American populace has been "misled, in every sense" of the word by those who direct the war. What needs to be explained in addition is why they have so misled us (and themselves).

A chronological analysis of the decisions which precipitated United States involvement in the French Indochina War, and the years which followed, shows that American decision-makers disregarded the knowledge available to them about *Vietnam itself,* and instead, based their decisions on events taking place in other parts of the world. That is to say, the indigenous nature of the Viet Minh movement was ignored in 1947 when Marshall Aid was first assigned to aid the French in Indochina; the only consideration was France's need for colonial exports from that region (largely to pay for her imports from the US). Similarly, the decision of 1950 to supply the French Union Forces with military aid was a response to the war in Korea, and completely ignored Secretary of State Acheson's general position on the limits on workable American influence in Asian nationalist affairs. Each year the French position deteriorated, and American aid increased. By 1953 we were paying for 85 percent of the war, and in 1954 when the French withdrew Dulles simply moved America's role up to 100 percent.

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not distinguish the Ho Chi Minh regime from the governments of Russia, China, or Poland, US decision-makers decided to ignore the promise of elections for the unification of Vietnam, and instead attempted to create a separate state in the southern zone. They are still trying to make that mistake work.

With this understanding, it becomes easier to comprehend the inability of Rusk *et al* to see what lies clearly before their eyes. They cannot see that many inhabitants of the South support the NLF, because they never understood the patriotic role played by communists in the recent history of Vietnam. They cannot see that Hanoi no longer trusts US peace offers, because they do not understand how our repetition of the French repression makes us look like single-minded imperialists. They cannot see why few Vietnamese feel allegiance to Thieu and Ky, because they do not understand that terror is no longer enough in Vietnam to create allegiance to an authority. And finally, and perhaps most tragically, Johnson, Rusk, Rostow, and Katzenbach do not see that the Vietnamese will continue to fight – and will not agree to "peace" talks – until the US indicates that it will not try to forestall the creation of a regime in the South which will be truly independent of American control.

The Administration has misled itself and much of the public into thinking it can kill enough Vietnamese (*viz.* "kill-ratio") to make the others accept American domination of the South. They are wrong, as every day proves. . . .

Paul Bernstein
Stanford University

People as the Enemy

Sirs:

Readers familiar with Vietnam may have been surprised to see the reference in my article, "People as the Enemy" (February 12) to the bombing of the "village" of Cantho. The village bombed, Truong Thanh, was located eight miles from Cantho, which is of course the provincial capital. The bombing was also mislocated in time; it occurred in August 1966 rather than August 1967. *D. Gareth Porter*
North Manchester, Ind.

Kauffmann, *from page 26*

relevant was to refute the American contention that we have never bombed North Vietnamese civilian centers. And Greene completely avoided the political issue that is the *reason* for the war; his soundtrack never once mentioned the word "communist."

It can be argued that any film that pushes the daily ghastliness of this war into people's faces is worthwhile. But many of those who support the war know about the ghastliness quite as well as the war's opponents. I cannot imagine that *Tell Me Lies* would change a war-supporter's mind; and unless more and more minds are changed, the war will not quickly end.

In my view, what we need most are not productions like *Tell Me Lies* or *US* or *Viet Rock*, which are, finally, coterie works; and we certainly do not need works as blithe about hard political issues as *Far from Vietnam*, a French film that was also shown at the last New York Film Festival, some of which assumed that the problem of communism only bothers squares. We need some first-class film documentaries on the political answers to the Amis-Worsthornes: documentaries that, among other things, tell the truth about the belated veneer of purpose on an initial misadventure; on the escalation of military mistakes and political falsehood; on the impossibility of achieving the very aims our government professes (because we either have to occupy Vietnam permanently or else submit *after* a treaty, rather than before, to its Communist domination); that the "line" has been drawn in the wrong place. Such documentaries would change those of the opposition who *could* change much sooner than pictures of charred babies. If enough people changed, then politicians – most of whom are essentially amoral – would respond; and it is only through the response of those with power in Congress and elsewhere, that matters can improve. Take an example from the lower end of the integrity-scale in politics – Richard Nixon. If a sufficient number of people expressed opposition to the Vietnam war tomorrow, it is a safe bet that Nixon would make his next campaign speech under a huge photograph of Dr. Spock.

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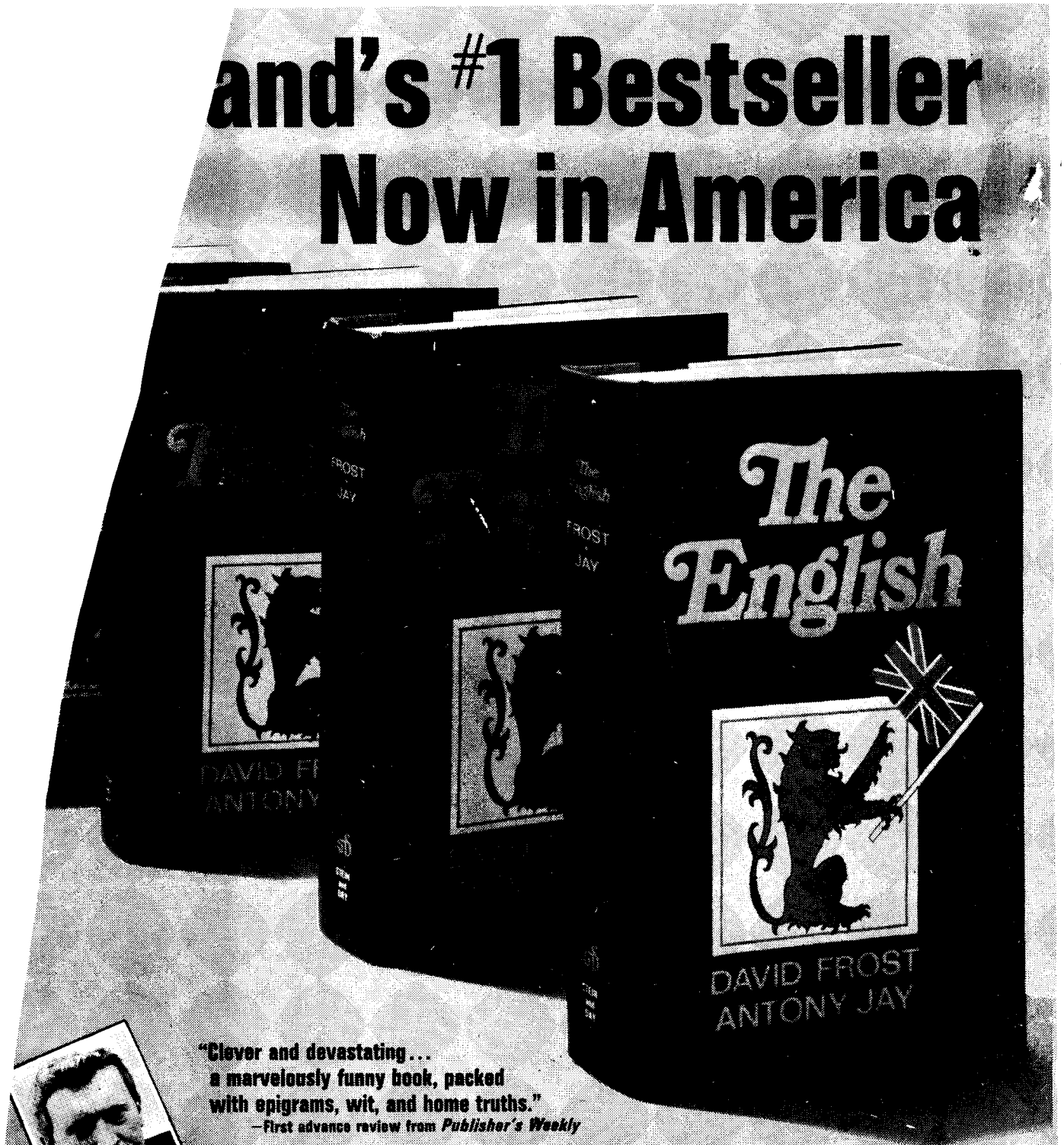

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